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IN THE DEPTHS OF A COAL MINE.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

THE "breakers" squatted upon the hillsides and in the valley like enormous preying monsters, eating of the sunshine, the grass, the green leaves. The smoke from their nostrils had ravaged the air of coolness and fragrance. All that remained of vegetation looked dark, miserable, half-strangled. Along the summit line of the mountain a few unhappy trees were etched upon the clouds. Overhead stretched a sky of imperial blue, incredibly far away from the sombre land.

We approached the colliery over paths of coal dust that wound among the switches. A "breaker" loomed above us, a huge and towering frame of blackened wood. It ended in a little curious peak, and upon its sides there was a profusion of windows appearing at strange and unexpected points. Through occasional doors one could see the flash of whirring machinery. Men with wondrously blackened faces and garments came forth from it. The sole glitter upon their persons was at their hats, where the little tin lamps were carried. They went stolidly along, some swinging lunch-pails carelessly; but the marks upon them of their forbidding and mystic calling fascinated our new eyes until they passed from sight. They were symbols of a grim, strange war that was being waged in the sunless depths of the earth.

Around a huge central building clustered other and lower ones, sheds, engine-houses, machine-shops, offices. Railroad tracks extended in web-like ways. Upon them stood files of begrimed coal cars. Other huge structures similar to the one near us, upreared their uncouth heads upon the hills of the surrounding country. From each a mighty hill of culm extended. Upon these tremendous heaps of waste from the mines, mules and cars appeared like toys. Down in the valley, upon the railroads, long trains crawled painfully southward, where a low-hanging gray cloud, with a few projecting spires and chimneys, indicated a town.

Car after car came from a shed beneath which lay hidden the mouth of the shaft. They were dragged, creaking, up an inclined cable road to the top of the "breaker."

At the top of the "breaker," laborers were dumping the coal into chutes. The huge lumps slid slowly on their journey down through the building, from which they were to emerge in classified fragments. Great teeth on revolving cylinders caught them and chewed them. At places there were grates that bid each size go into its proper chute. The dust lay inches

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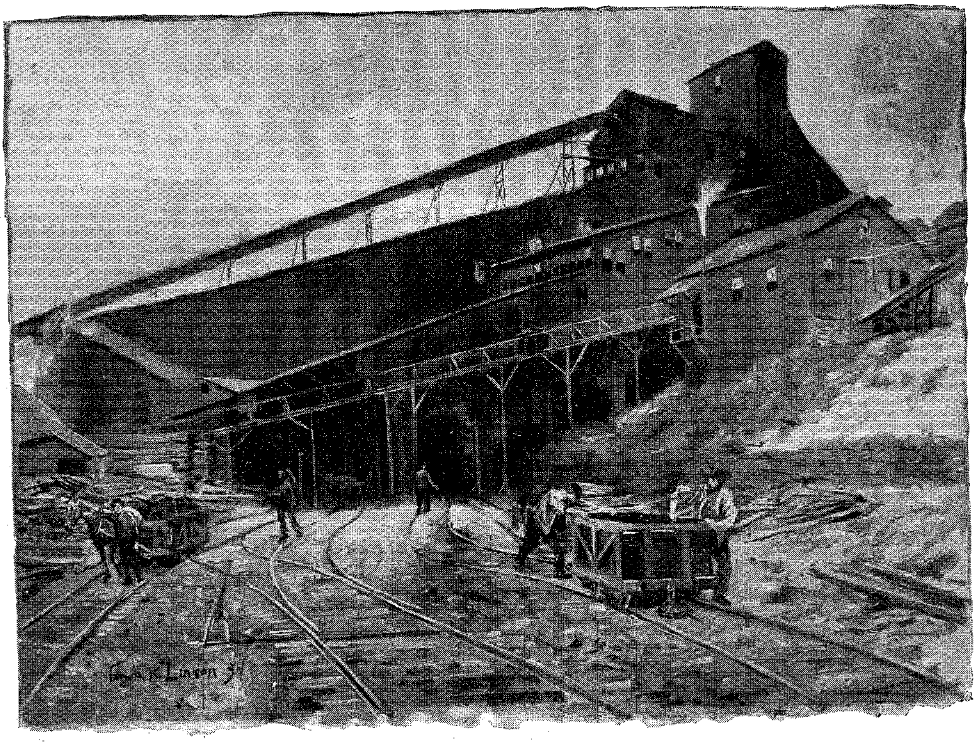


THE "BREAKER."

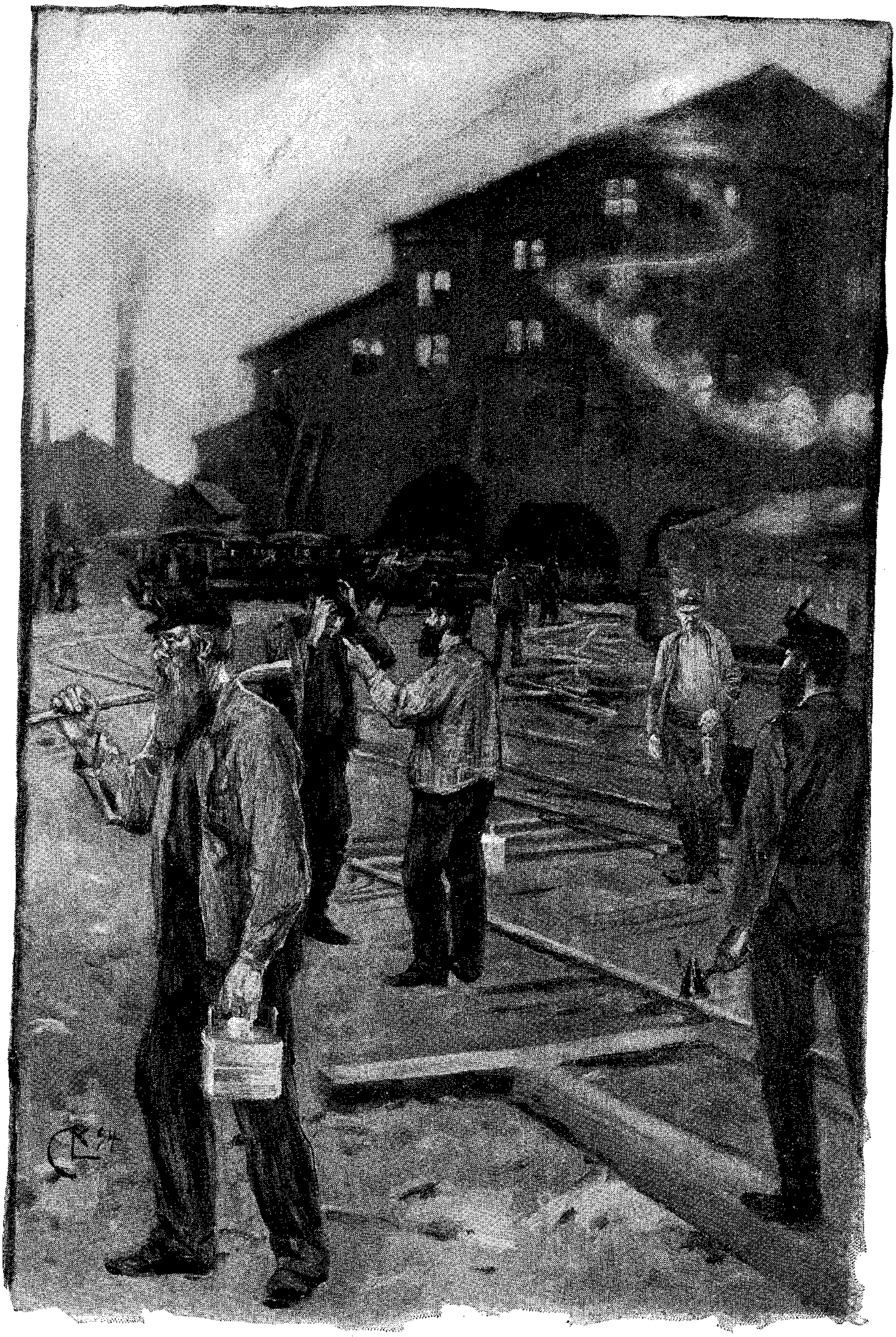
deep on every motionless thing, and clouds of it made the air dark as from a violent tempest. A mighty gnashing sound filled the ears. With terrible appetite this huge and hideous monster sat imperturbably munching coal, grinding its mammoth jaws with unearthly and monotonous uproar.

In a large room sat the little slate-pickers. The floor slanted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the coal, having been masticated by the great teeth, was streaming sluggishly in long iron troughs. The boys sat straddling these troughs, and as the mass moved slowly, they grabbed deftly at the pieces of slate therein. There were five or six of them, one above another, over each trough. The coal is expected to be fairly pure after it passes the final boy. The howling machinery was above them. High up, dim figures moved about in the dust clouds.

These little men were a terrifically dirty band. They resembled the New York gamins in some ways, but they laughed more, and when they laughed their faces were a wonder and a terror. They had an air of supreme independence, and seemed proud of their kind of villainy. They swore long oaths with skill.

Through their ragged shirts we could get occasional glimpses of shoulders black as stoves. They looked precisely like imps as they scrambled to get a view of us. Work ceased while they tried to ascertain if we were willing to give away any tobacco. The man who perhaps believes that he controls them came and harangued the crowd. He talked to the air.

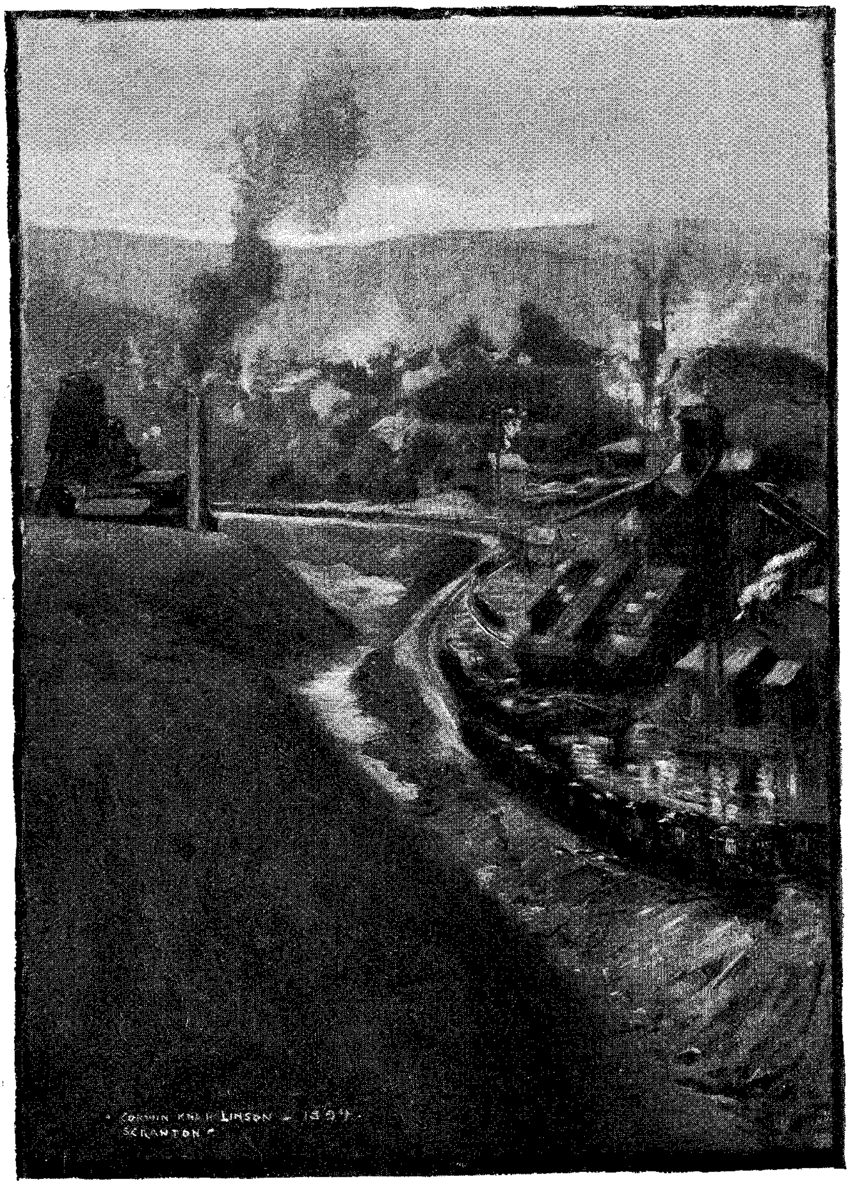
The slate-pickers all through this region are yet at the spanking period. One continually wonders about their mothers, and if there are any schoolhouses. But as for them, they are not concerned. When they get time off, they go out on the culm heap and play baseball, or fight with boys from other "breakers" or among themselves, according to the opportunities. And before them always is the hope of



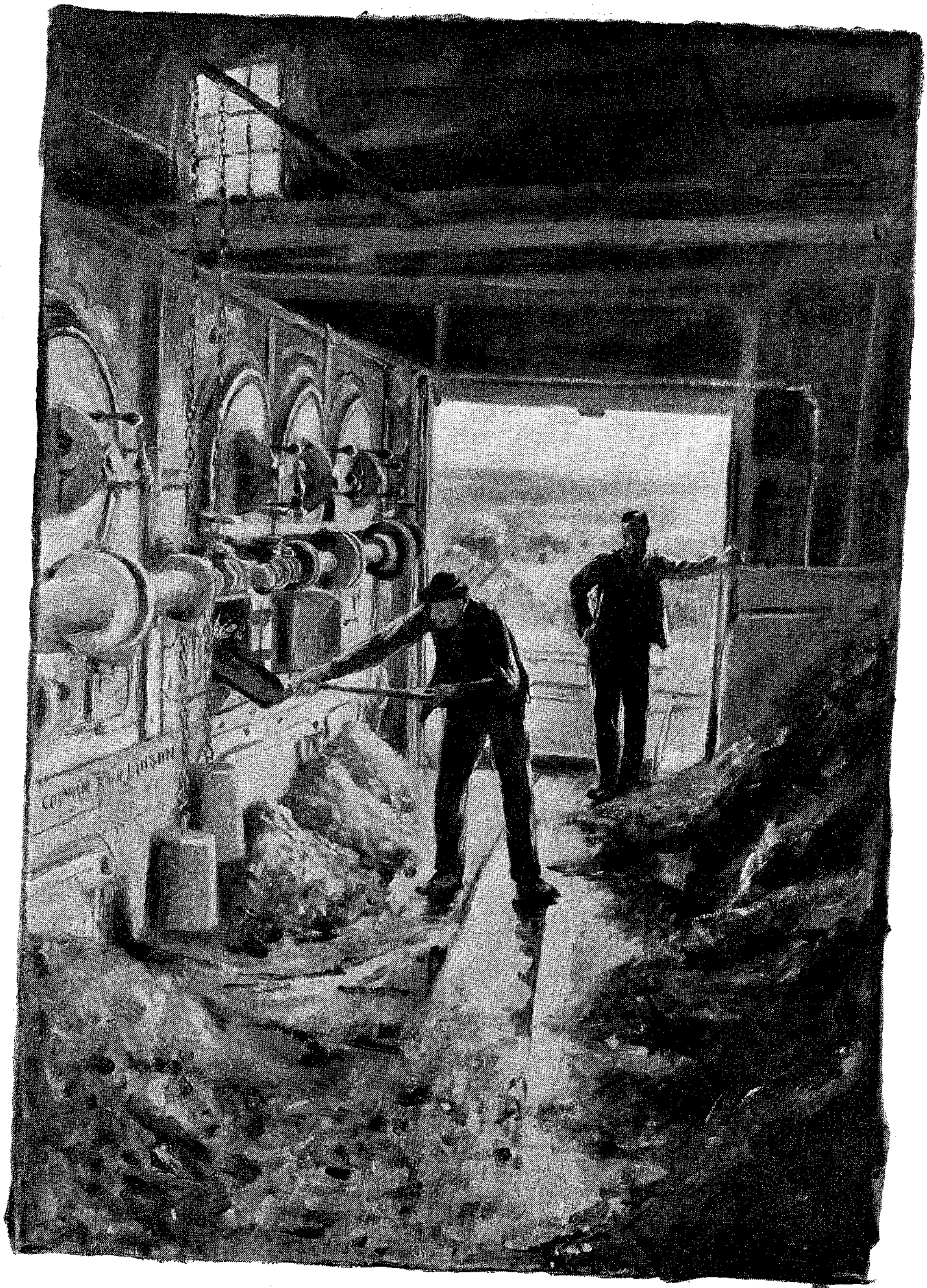
MINERS GOING TO AND FROM WORK.

one day getting to be door-boys down in the mines; and, later, mule-boys; and yet later, laborers and helpers. Finally, when they have grown to be great big men, they may become miners, real miners, and go down and get "squeezed," or perhaps escape to a shattered old man's estate with a mere "miner's asthma." They are very ambitious.

Meanwhile they live in a place of infernal dins. The crash and thunder of the machinery is like the roar of an immense cataract. The room shrieks and blares and bellows. Clouds of dust blur the air until the windows shine pallidly afar off. All the structure is a-tremble from the heavy sweep and circle of the ponderous mechanism. Down in the midst of it sit these tiny urchins, where they earn fifty-five cents a day each. They breathe this



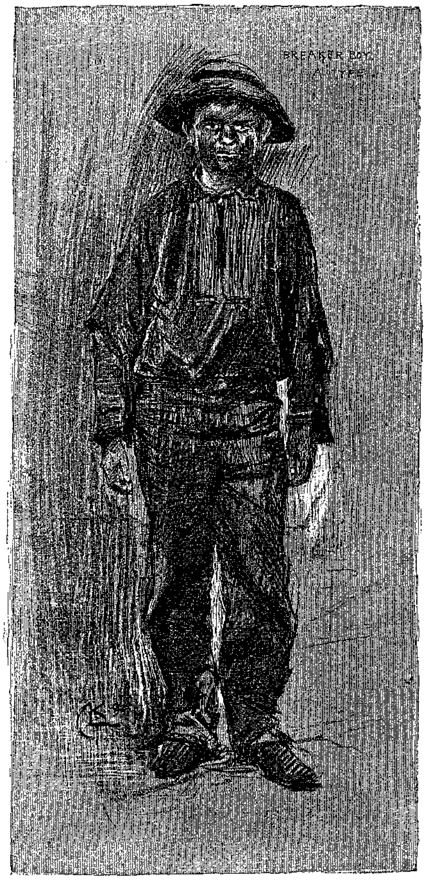
"A FEW PROJECTING SPIRES AND CHIMNEYS INDICATED A TOWN."



FEEDING THE FURNACE.

atmosphere until their lungs grow heavy and sick with it. They have this clamor in their ears until it is wonderful that they have any hoodlum valor remaining. But they are uncowed; they continue to swagger. And at the top of the "breaker" laborers can always be seen dumping the roaring coal down the wide, voracious maw of the creature.

Over in front of a little tool-house a man smoking a pipe sat on a bench. "Yes," he said, "I'll take yeh down if yeh like." He led us by little cinder paths to the shed over the shaft of the mine. A gigantic fan-wheel near by was twirling swiftly. It created cool air for the miners, who on the lowest vein of this mine were some eleven hundred and fifty feet below the surface. As we stood silently waiting for the elevator we had opportunity to gaze at the mouth of the shaft. The walls were of granite blocks, slimy, moss-grown, dripping with water. Below was a curtain of ink-like blackness. It was like the opening of an old well, sinister from tales of crimes.


BREAKER BOY.
A TYPE.

The black, greasy cables began to run swiftly. We stood staring at them and wondering. Then of a sudden the elevator appeared and stopped with a crash. It was a plain wooden platform. Upon two sides iron bars ran up to support a stout metal roof. The men upon it, as it came into view, were like apparitions from the center of the earth.

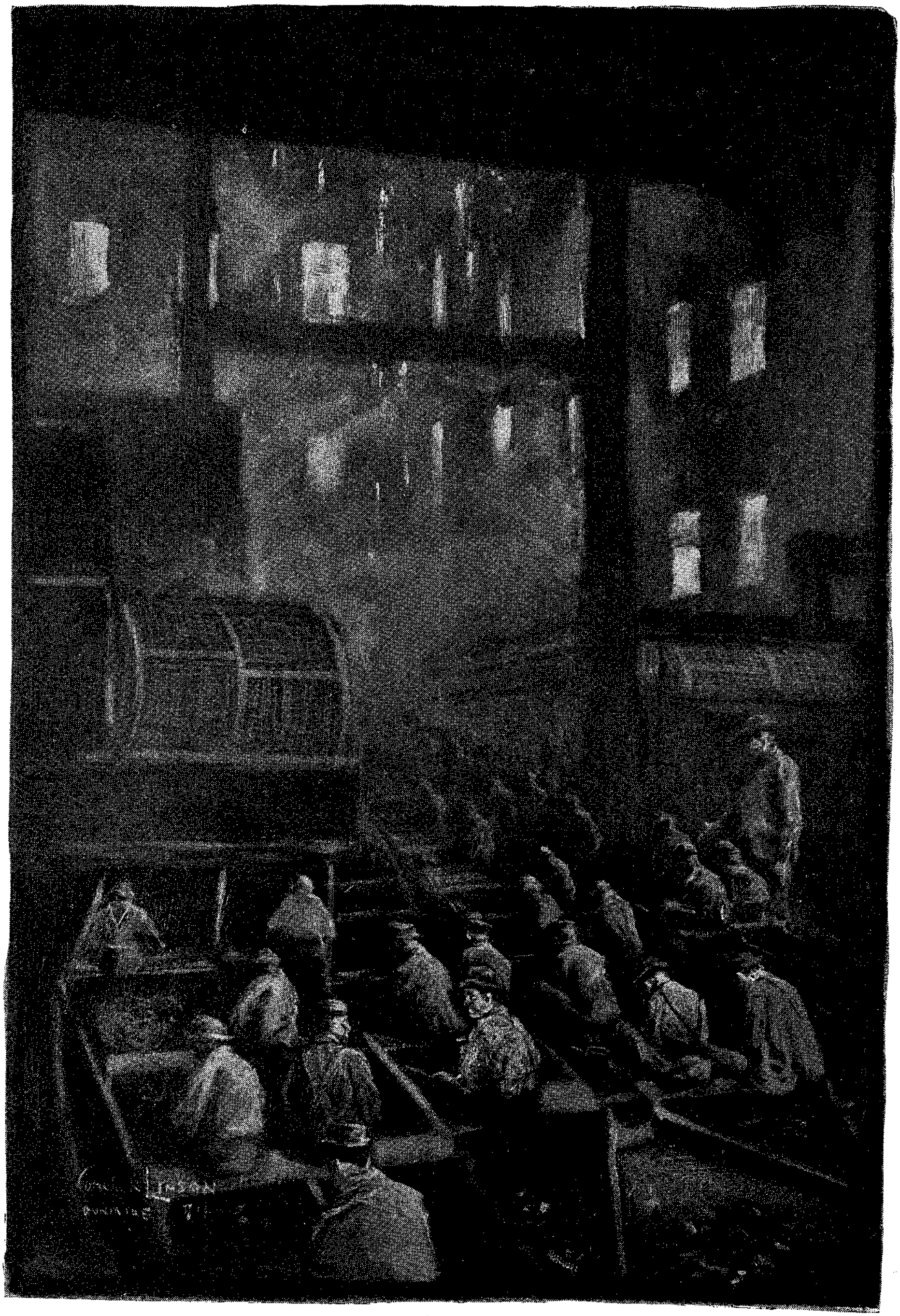
A moment later we marched aboard, armed with little lights, feeble and gasping in the daylight. There was an instant's creak of machinery, and then the landscape, that had been framed for us by the door-posts of the shed, disappeared in a flash. We were dropping with extraordinary swiftness straight into the earth. It was a plunge, a fall. The flames of the little lamps fluttered and flew and struggled like tied birds to release themselves from the wicks. "Hang on," bawled our guide above the tumult.

The dead black walls slid swiftly by. They were a swirling dark chaos on which the mind tried vainly to locate some coherent thing, some intelligible spot. One could only hold fast to the iron bars and listen to the roar of this implacable descent. When the faculty of balance is lost, the mind becomes a confusion. The will fought a great battle to comprehend something during this fall, but one might as well have been tumbling among the stars. The only thing was to await revelation.

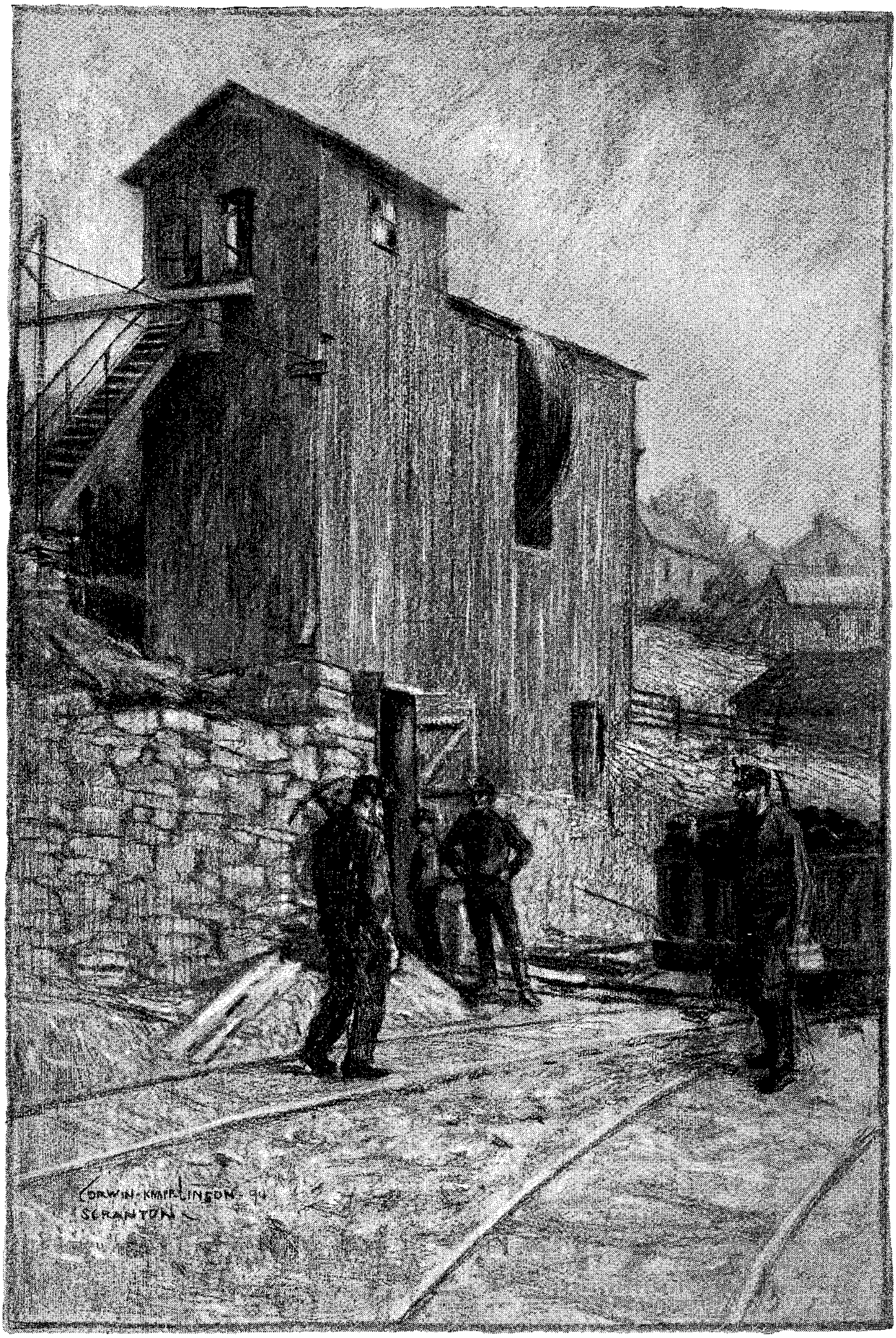
It was a journey that held a threat of endlessness.

Then suddenly the dropping platform slackened its speed. It began to descend slowly and with caution. At last, with a crash and a jar, it stopped. Before us stretched an inscrutable darkness, a soundless place of tangible loneliness. Into the nostrils came a subtly strong odor of powder-smoke, oil, wet earth. The alarmed lungs began to lengthen their respirations.

Our guide strode abruptly into the gloom. His lamp flared shades of yel-



"IN A LARGE ROOM SAT THE LITTLE SLATE-PICKERS."


CORWIN KNAPP LINSON 94
SCRANTON

THE "FAN" AND ENTRANCE TO SHAFT.

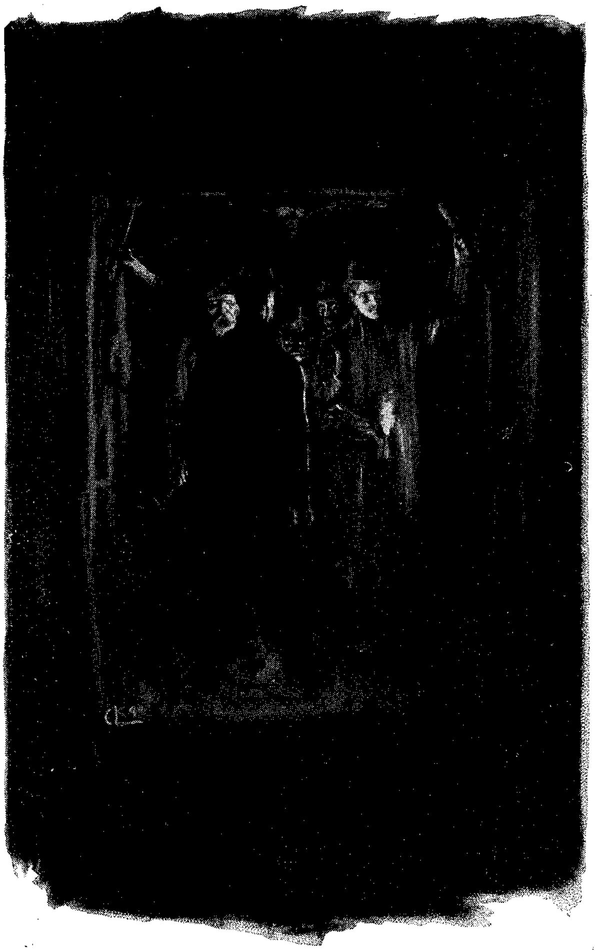
low and orange upon the walls of a tunnel that led away from the foot of the shaft. Little points of coal caught the light and shone like diamonds. Before us there was always the curtain of an impenetrable night. We walked on with no sound save the crunch of our feet upon the coal-dust of the floor. The sense of an abiding danger in the roof was always upon our foreheads. It expressed to us all the unmeasured, deadly tons above us, as if the roof were a superlative might that regarded with the supreme calmness of almighty power the little men at its mercy. Sometimes we were obliged to bend low to avoid it. Always our hands rebelled vaguely from touching it, refusing to affront this gigantic mass.

All at once, far ahead, shone a little flame, blurred and difficult of location. It was a tiny, indefinite thing, like a wisp-light. We seemed to be looking at it through a great fog. Presently there were two of them. They began to move to and fro and dance before us.

After a time we came upon two men crouching where the roof of the passage came near to meeting the floor. If the picture could have been brought to where it would have had the opposition and the contrast of the glorious summer-time earth, it would have been a grim and ghastly thing. The garments of the men were no more sable than their faces, and when they turned their heads to regard our tramping party, their eyeballs and teeth shone white as bleached bones. It was like the grinning of two skulls there in the shadows. The tiny lamps in their hats made a trembling light that left weirdly shrouded the movements of their limbs and bodies. We might have been confronting terrible spectres.

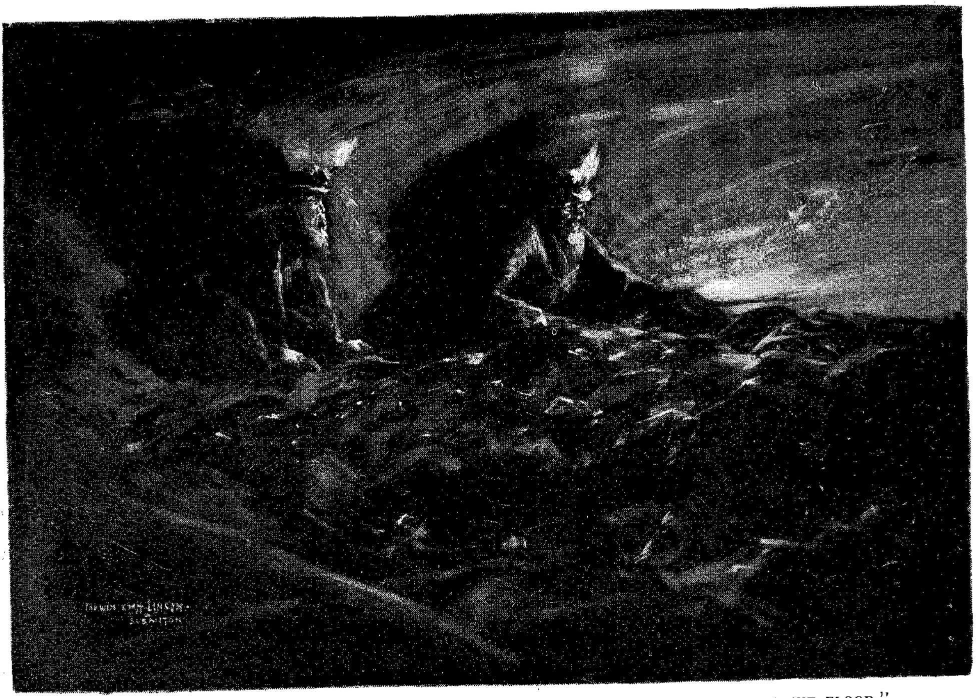
But they said, "Hello, Jim," to our conductor. Their mouths expanded in smiles—wide and startling smiles.

In a moment they turned again to their work. When the lights of our party reinforced their two lamps, we could see that one was busily drilling into the coal with a long thin bar. The low roof ominously pressed his shoulders as he bent at his toil. The other knelt behind him on the loose lumps of coal.



"THE DEAD BLACK WALLS SLIPPED SWIFTLY BY."

He who worked at the drill engaged in conversation with our guide. He looked back over his shoulder, continuing to poke away. "When are yeh



"TWO MEN CROUCHING WHERE THE ROOF OF THE PASSAGE CAME NEAR TO MEETING THE FLOOR."

goin' t' measure this up, Jim?" he demanded. "Do yeh wanta git me killed?"

"Well, I'd measure it up t'-day, on'y I ain't got me tape," replied the other.

"Well, when will yeh? Yeh wanta hurry up," said the miner. "I don't wanta git killed."

"Oh, I'll be down on Monday."

"Humph!"

They engaged in a sort of an altercation in which they made jests.

"You'll be carried out o' there feet first before long."

"Will I?"

Yet one had to look closely to understand that they were not about to spring at each other's throats. The vague illumination created all the effect of the snarling of two wolves.

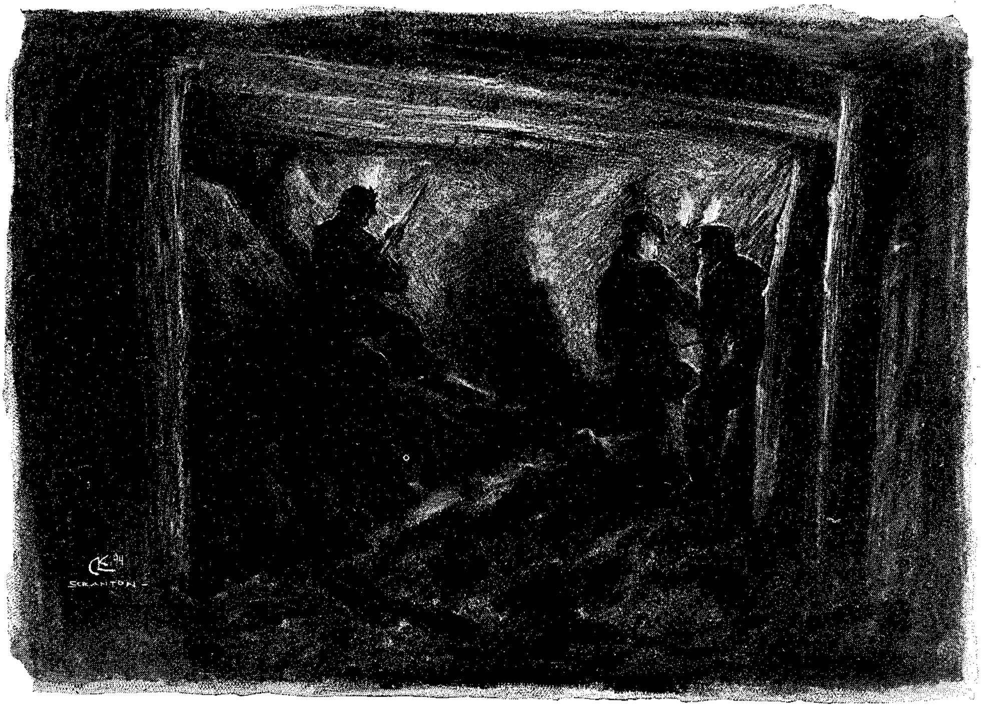
We came upon other little low-roofed chambers, each containing two men, a "miner," who makes the blasts, and his "laborer," who loads the coal upon the cars and assists the miner generally. And at each place there was this same effect of strangely satanic smiles and eyeballs wild and glittering in the pale glow of the lamps.

Sometimes the scenes in their weird strength were absolutely infernal. Once, when we were traversing a silent tunnel in another mine, we came suddenly upon a wide place where some miners were lying down in a group. As they upreared to gaze at us, it resembled a resurrection. They slowly uprose with ghoul-like movements, mysterious figures robed in enormous shadows. The swift flashes of the steel-gleaming eyes were upon our faces.

At another time, when my companion, struggling against difficulties, was trying to get a sketch of the mule, "Molly Maguire," a large group of miners gathered about us intent upon the pencil of the artist. "Molly," indifferent to the demands of art, changed her position after a moment and calmly settled into a new one. The men all laughed, and this laugh created the most astonishing and supernatural effect. In an instant the gloom was filled with luminous smiles. Shining forth all about us were eyes glittering as with cold blue flame. "Whoa, Molly," the men began to shout. Five or six of them clutched "Molly" by her tail, her head, her legs. They were going to hold her motionless until the portrait was finished. "He's a good feller," they had said of the artist, and it would be a small thing to hold a mule for him. Upon the roof were vague dancing reflections of red and yellow.

From this tunnel of our first mine we went with our guide to the foot of the main shaft. Here we were in the most important passage of a mine, the main gangway. The wonder of these avenues is the noise — the crash and clatter of machinery as the elevator speeds upward with the loaded cars and drops thunderingly with the empty ones. The place resounds with the shouts of mule-boys, and there can always be heard the noise of approaching coal-cars, beginning in mild rumbles and then swelling down upon one in a tempest of sound. In the air is the slow painful throb of the pumps working at the water which collects in the depths. There is booming and banging and crashing, until one wonders why the tremendous walls are not wrenched by the force of this uproar. And up and down the tunnel there is a riot of lights, little orange points flickering and flashing. Miners stride in swift and sombre procession. But the meaning of it all is in the deep bass rattle of a blast in some hidden part of the mine. It is war. It is the most savage part of all in the endless battle between man and nature. These miners are grimly in the van. They have carried the war into places where nature has the strength of a million giants. Sometimes their enemy becomes exasperated and snuffs out ten, twenty, thirty lives. Usually she remains calm, and takes one at a time with method and precision. She need not hurry. She possesses eternity. After a blast, the smoke, faintly luminous, silvery, floats silently through the adjacent tunnels.

In our first mine we speedily lost all ideas of time, direction, distance. The whole thing was an extraordinary, black puzzle. We were impelled to admire the guide because he knew all



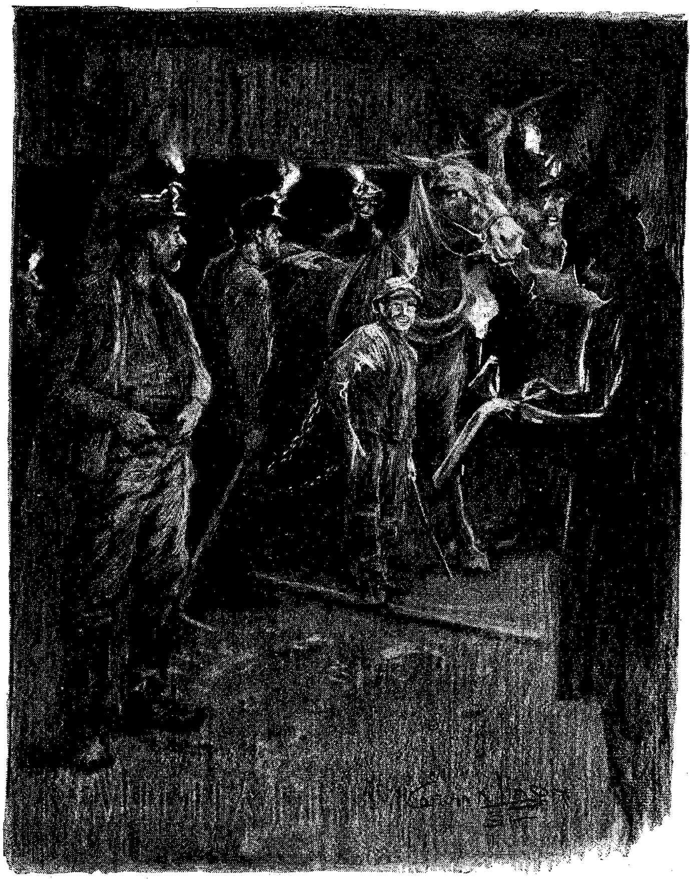
"HE WHO WORKED AT THE DRILL ENGAGED IN CONVERSATION WITH OUR GUIDE."

the tangled passages. He led us through little tunnels three and four feet wide and with roofs that sometimes made us crawl. At other times we were in avenues twenty feet wide, where double rows of tracks extended. There were stretches of great darkness, majestic silences. The three hundred miners were distributed into all sorts of crevices and corners of the labyrinth, toiling in this city of endless night. At different points one could hear the roar of traffic about the foot of the main shaft, to which flowed all the commerce of the place.

We were made aware of distances later by our guide, who would occasionally stop to tell us our position by naming a point of the familiar geography of the surface. "Do you remember that rolling-mill yeh passed coming up? Well, you're right under it." "You're under th' depot now." The length of these distances struck us with amazement when we reached the surface. Near Scranton one can really proceed for miles, in the black streets of the mines.

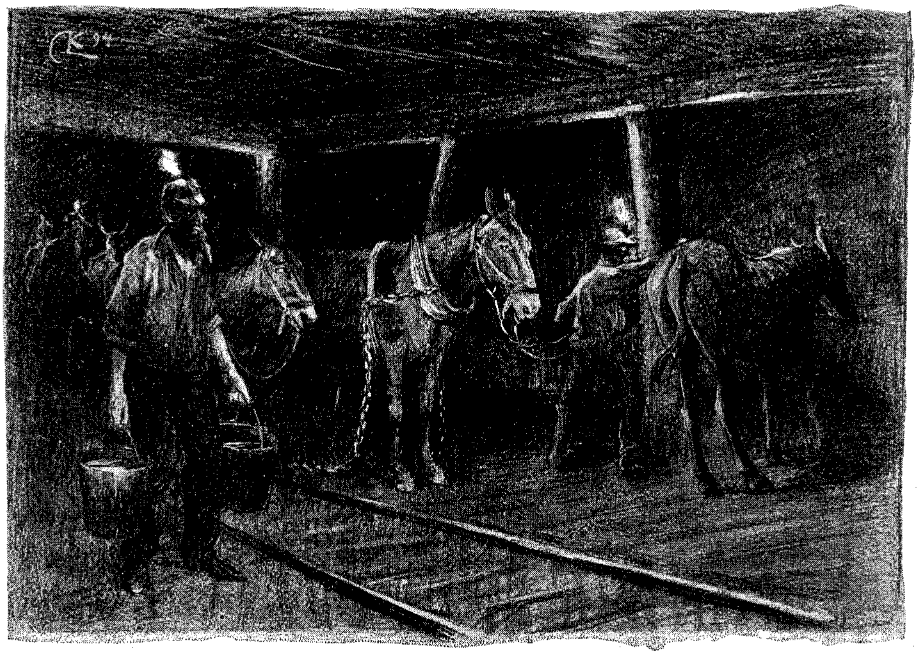
Over in a wide and lightless room we found the mule-stables. There we discovered a number of these animals standing with an air of calmness and self-possession that was somehow amazing to find in a mine. A little dark urchin came and belabored his mule "China" until he stood broadside to us that we might admire his innumerable fine qualities. The stable was like a dungeon. The mules were arranged in solemn rows. They turned their heads toward our lamps. The glare made their eyes shine wondrously like lenses. They resembled enormous rats.

About the room stood bales of hay and straw. The commonplace air worn by the long-eared slaves made it all infinitely usual. One had to wait to see the tragedy of it. It was not until we had grown familiar with the life and the traditions of the mines that we were capable of understanding the story told by these beasts standing in calm array, with spread legs.



"WHOA, MOLLY."

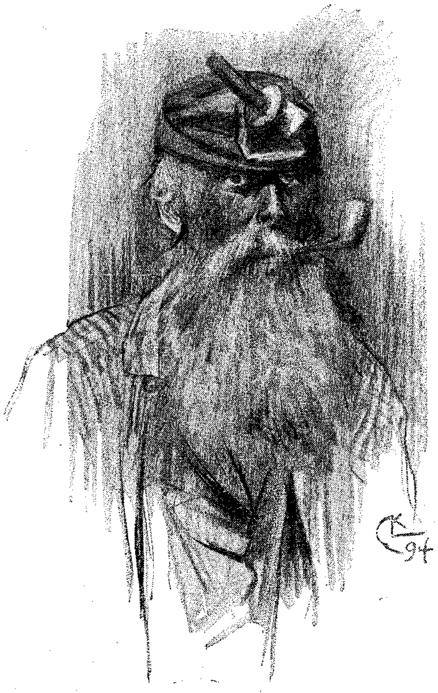
It is a common affair for mules to be imprisoned for years in the limitless night of the mines. Our acquaintance, "China," had been four years buried. Upon the surface there had been the march of the seasons; the white splen-

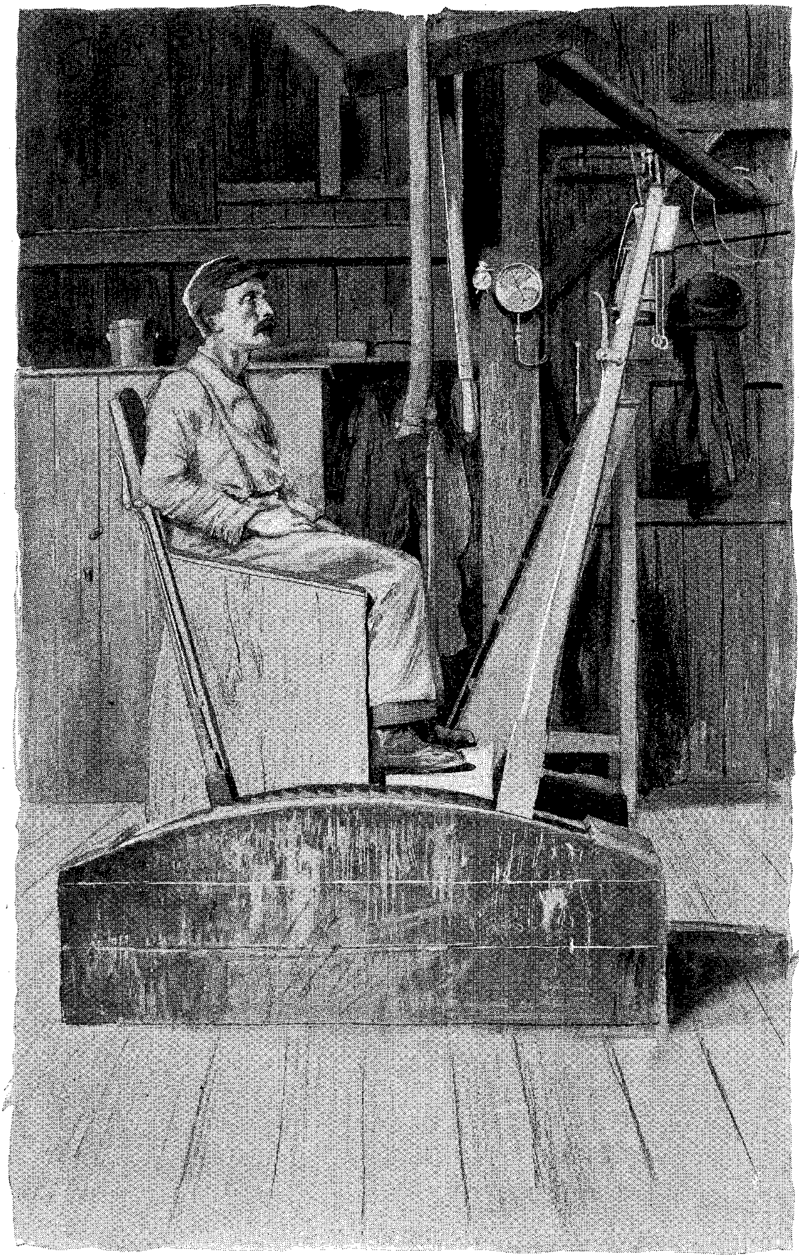


MULE STABLES. PUTTING IN A TEAM.

dor of snows had changed again and again to the glories of green springs. Four times had the earth been ablaze with the decorations of brilliant autumns. But "China" and his friends had remained in these dungeons from which daylight, if one could get a view up a shaft, would appear a tiny circle, a silver star aglow in a sable sky.

Usually when brought to the surface, the mules tremble at the earth radiant in the sunshine. Later, they go almost mad with fantastic joy. The full splendor of the heavens, the grass, the trees, the breezes, breaks upon them suddenly. They caper and career with extravagant mulish glee. A miner told me of a mule that had spent some delirious months upon the surface after years of labor in the mines. Finally the time came when he was to be taken back. But the memory of a black existence was upon him; he knew that gaping mouth that threatened to swallow him. No cudgellings could induce him. The men held conventions and discussed plans to budge that mule. The celebrated quality of obstinacy in him won him liberty to gambol clumsily about on the surface.





THE ENGINEER.

After being long in the mines, the mules are apt to duck and dodge at the close glare of lamps, but some of them have been known to have piteous fears of being left in the dead darkness. We met a boy who said that sometimes the only way he could get his team to move was to run ahead of them with the light. Afraid of the darkness, they would follow.

To those who have known the sunlight there may come the fragrant dream of a lost paradise. Perhaps this is what they brood over as they stand solemnly flapping their ears. Perhaps they despair and thirst for this bloomland that lies in an unknown direction and at impossible distances.

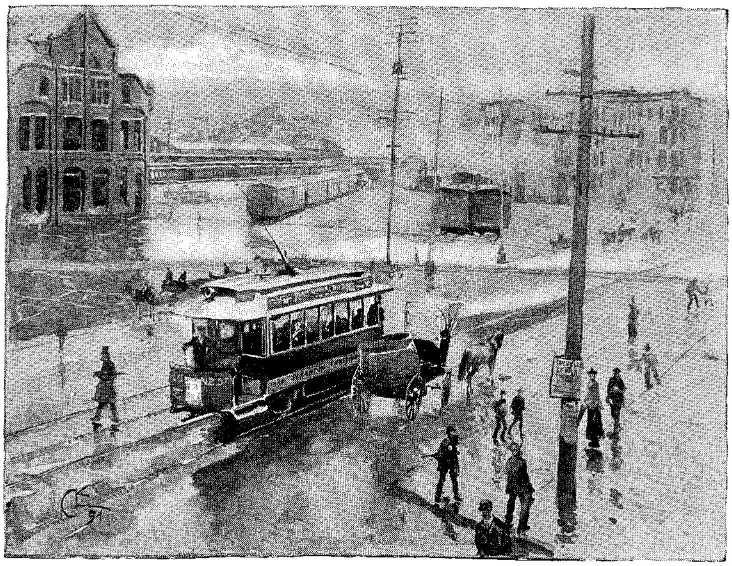
In wet mines, gruesome fungi grow upon the wooden props that support the uncertain-looking ceiling. The walls are dripping and dank. Upon them, too, frequently grows a moss-like fungus, white as a druid's beard, that thrives in these deep dens, but shrivels and dies at contact with the sunlight.

Great and mystically dreadful is the earth from a mine's depth. Man is in the implacable grasp of nature. It has only to tighten slightly, and he is crushed like a bug. His loudest shriek of agony would be as impotent as his final moan to bring help from that fair land that lies, like Heaven, over his head. There is an insidious, silent enemy in the gas. If the huge fanwheel on the top of the earth should stop for a brief period, there is certain death. If a man escape the gas, the floods, the "squeezes" of falling rock, the cars shooting through little tunnels, the precarious elevators, the hundred perils, there usually comes to him an attack of "miner's asthma" that slowly racks and shakes him into the grave. Meanwhile he gets three dollars per day, and his laborer one dollar and a quarter.

In the chamber at the foot of the shaft, as we were departing, a group of the men were resting. They lay about in careless poses. When we climbed aboard the elevator, we had a moment in which to turn and regard them. Then suddenly the study in black faces and crimson and orange lights vanished. We were on our swift way to the surface. Far above us in the engine-room, the engineer sat with his hand on a lever and his eye on the little model of the shaft wherein a miniature elevator was making the ascent even as our elevator was making it. Down one of those tremendous holes, one thinks naturally of the engineer.

Of a sudden the fleeting walls became flecked with light. It increased to a downpour of sunbeams. The high sun was afloat in a splendor of spotless blue. The distant hills were arrayed in purple and stood like monarchs. A glory of gold was upon the near-by earth. The cool fresh air was wine.

Of that sinister struggle far below there came no sound, no suggestion save the loaded cars that emerged one after another in eternal procession and went creaking up the incline that their contents might be fed into the mouth of the "breaker," imperturbably cruel and insatiate, black emblem of greed, and of the gods of this labor.

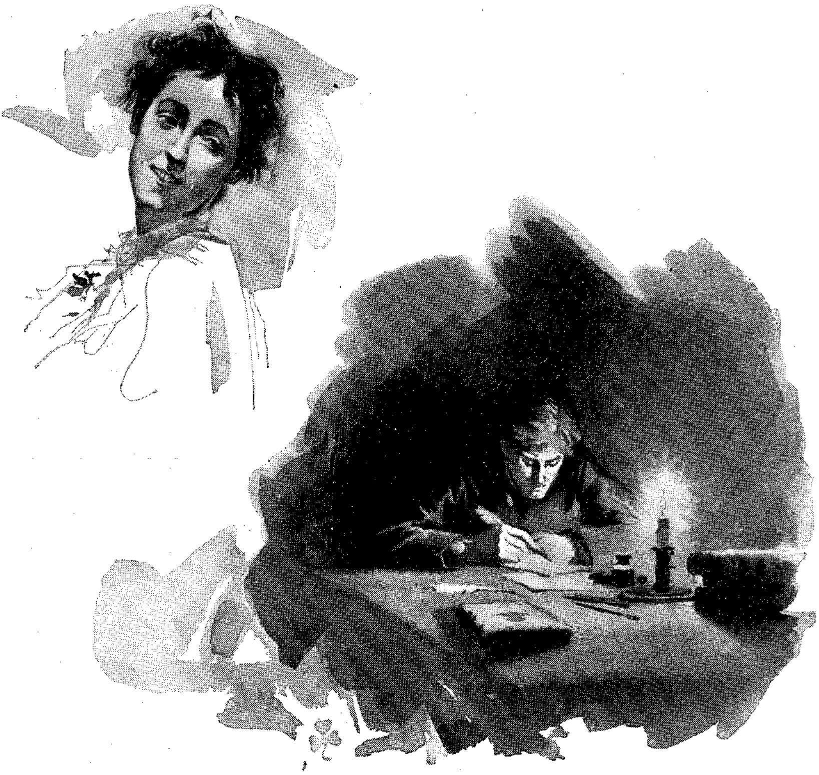


LAST SIGHT OF THE "BREAKERS" FROM THE TOWN.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

An Old Irish Song.

Pictures by Orson Lowell

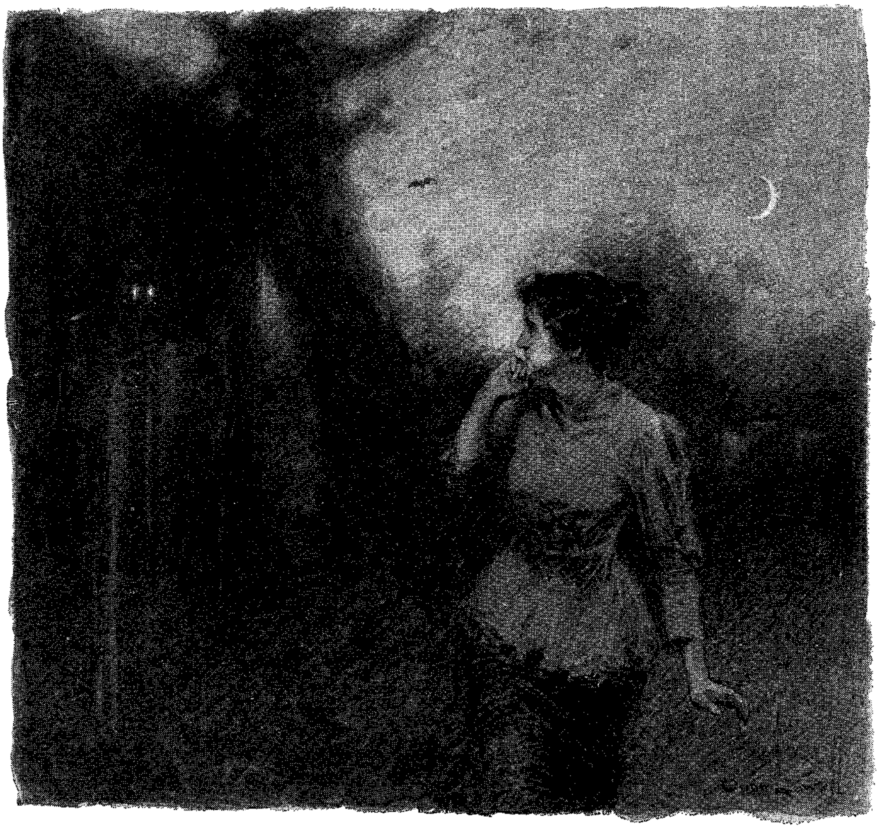


OH! *don't* be beguilin' my heart with your wilin',
  You've tried that same thrick far too often before,
And by this blessed minnit an' day that is in it,
  I'll take right good care that you'll try it no more!
You thought that so slyly you walked with O'Reilly,
  By man and by mortal unheard and unseen,
While your hand he kept squeezin', and *you* looked so pleasin',
  Last Saturday night in your father's *boreen.*

His thricks and his schamin' has set you a dhramin';
  That anyone blessed with their eyesight may see.
You're not the same crature you once war by nature,
  And they that are thraitors won't do, faith, for me!
Tho' it *is* most distressin' to think that a blessin'
  Was just about fallin' down plump on the scene,
When a cunning *culloger*, as black as an ogre,
  Upsets all your hopes in a dirty *boreen*.

And 'tis most ungrateful, unkind, and unfaithful,
  When you very well know how I gave the go-by
Both to pride and to pleasure, temptation and treasure,
  To dress all my looks by the light of your eye.
Oh! 'tis Mary Mullally, that lives in the valley—
  'Tis *she* that would say how ill-used I have been,
And she's not the deluther to smile and to soother,
  And then walk away to her father's *boreen*.

I send you your garter, for now I'm a martyr,
  And keepsakes and *jims* are the least of my care.
So when things are exchangin', since you took to rangin',
  I'll trouble you, too, for the lock of my hair.
I know by its shakin', my heart is a-breakin';
  You'll make me a corpse when I'd make you a queen.
But as sure as I'm a livin', it's you I'll be givin'
  A terrible fright, when I haunt the boreen!



SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

By S. H. M. Byers.

HOW well I recall now the first time I ever heard the voice of General Sherman. It was night, in the woods by the banks of the Tennessee River. On looking over my half-faded war diary, I find this entry :

> "November 23, 1863. It has rained all the day. The men have few rations, the animals no food at all. Thousands of horses and mules are lying dead in the muddy roads and in the woods. We are a few miles below Chattanooga, close to the river. The Rebels are on the other side. Everybody here expects a great battle. Since noon our colonel got orders for us to be ready to ferry over the river at midnight—no baggage."

It was very dark that night in the woods when our division slipped down to the water's edge and commenced entering the pontoons.

"Be as quiet as possible, and step into the boats rapidly," I heard a voice say.

The speaker was a tall man, wearing a long waterproof coat that covered him to his heels. He stood close beside me as he spoke, and one of the boys said in a low voice : "That is Sherman."

It was the first time I had ever heard him speak. Though a great commander, at that moment leading many troops, still he was down there in the dark, personally attending to every detail of getting us over the river. Shortly our rude boat, with thirty people aboard, pushed out into the dark water, and we were whirled around by the eddies, while expecting every moment a blaze of musketry in our faces from the other shore. But, somehow, we felt confident that all was well, for was not our great general himself close by, watching the movement?

In the battle that followed, our troops were successful. Sherman was everywhere along the front, personally directing every movement. He was sharing every danger, and the soldier's fear was, that his general might be killed, and the battle lost in consequence.

In the charge at the "Tunnel," I, with many comrades, fell into the enemy's hands, and was taken to Libby Prison. Few of those captured with me ever got back North alive, and those who did are nearly all long since dead.

Fifteen months of terrible experience in the prisons of the South passed. More than once I had escaped, only to be retaken. At last, though, I did get away, and when Sherman's army, marching north through the Carolinas, captured Columbia, they found me secreted in the garret of a negro's cabin in the town.

It happened that, while I was a prisoner, I had written some verses in praise of the great campaign from Chattanooga to the ocean. The song found favor with my prison comrades. It also soon reached the soldiers in the North, and, before I knew it, it was being sung everywhere. It was "Sherman's March to the Sea," and the song soon gave its name to the campaign itself.

As Sherman entered Columbia at noon that 17th of February, 1865, riding at the head of his sixty thousand victorious veterans, a soldier ran up to him, and told him the author of the song had escaped from prison, and was standing near by, on the steps of a house. He halted the whole column, while he motioned to me to come out, and warmly shook my hand.

"Tell all the prisoners who have escaped," said he, "to come to me at camp to-night. I want to do something for all of them. They must be made comfortable."

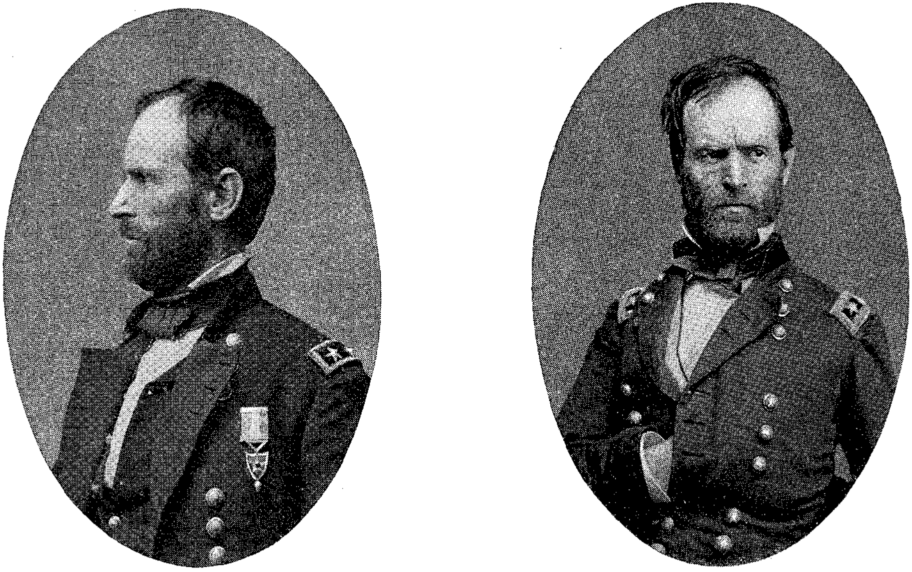
The bands played, and the vast column again moved on amidst cheers for "Billy" Sherman, "Johnny" Logan, and other heroes of the line. I looked at the battle-worn flags of the regiments. I had not seen loyal colors for about sixteen months. Perhaps I was weak, but I am sure I felt my eyes moisten and my heart bound when I looked upon the very flag I had seen in the hot charge that day at Missionary Ridge.

I did not go to the General's headquarters that night. I was ashamed to go in all my rags. But I walked the streets and saw the city burned to ashes. But Sherman had not done this. Long before the Union troops entered, I saw Hampton's Confederate cavalry firing thousands of bales of cotton to prevent its falling into Union hands. A fearful wind raged towards morning, and the flakes of burning cotton soon set the city on fire. That night I heard with my own ears South Carolinians condemn Wade Hampton and Jefferson Davis.

"They are those who brought all this on the people of the South," cried one old man as he saw his home devoured by the flames, and thought of his sons dead on useless battlefields.

Later, Wade Hampton was foolish enough to publicly attack Sherman for inhumanity during his "March."

"His paper is for home consumption," the General wrote to me; "but if he attempts to enlarge his sphere I will give him a blast of the truth as you and hundreds know it."



GENERAL SHERMAN WHEN IN COMMAND OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, 1866. AGE 46.

I went to friends in my old brigade the next day after the burning of the city, but to my surprise General Sherman sent an officer to hunt me up and bring me to headquarters.

"You must go," said the officer, in answer to my expressed reluctance. "You must; it is an order."

Our meeting, unimportant in itself, showed the simplicity and character of Sherman. It was in the woods. The columns had halted for the night, and the tent of the General was pitched at a lone spot away from the roadside. As was usual at army headquarters, an enormous flag was suspended between two trees. Near by the horses of the bodyguard were picketed to long ropes, while the men either lay about on the grass or busied themselves preparing their supper. Not far away, in the woods and at roadsides, were the bivouacs of the tired army. I was but a stripling officer, and was not a little abashed at the idea of appearing before the commander of the army. I found him sitting on a camp-stool by a low rail fire. He was looking over some papers.

"This is Adjutant Byers," said the officer.

The General dropped his papers, stepped right over the fire with his long legs, and seized me by the hand.

"I want to thank you for your song," he said, "and I want you to tell me how you, there in prison, got hold of all that I was doing. You hit it splendidly. I have little for you to do here at headquarters. There is little for anybody to do," he said after awhile (I think he meant he did it all himself); "but I want to give you a place on my staff. You must take your meals with me."

Now, for a prisoner of war, just getting out of a horrible pen, a place on the commander's staff, with the privilege of eating at his table, was like getting into paradise.

"Later you will get a horse and all you need," he went on.

That moment the cook, a great ebony-faced negro, came up, bowed very low, and announced supper. The General pushed me into the supper tent ahead of him. The well-uniformed staff officers were already there, assembled about a long rude table of boards. Every one of them held up his fork and stared at me. The General introduced me, adding some complimentary things.

"And I want you all to know him," he said, "and after supper you must hunt him up some clothes."

"I have an extra coat," said Surgeon Moore. "And I a pair of trousers," said another.

My wardrobe was to be renewed in no time. The bare anticipation of the fact restored my confidence. The General seated me at his right hand, and bade me make no ceremony about proceeding to whatever was before me. The meal was simple. It was the ordinary army rations, with a chicken or two added, which the cook had foraged that day on the march. I ventured to relate something of my experiences in prison. The General listened with the closest attention, and it seemed to me that from that moment he was my friend. It was the commencement of an attachment that lasted until his death, twenty-five years.

During the rest of that famous marching and wading through the Carolinas I was constantly at headquarters until we reached the Cape Fear River. And what a campaign that was, through swamps and woods and over bridgeless streams! Joe Johnston's engineers had told their chief that Sherman never could march or swim an army through the lower part of North Carolina in midwinter, but he was a commander who never stopped at such obstacles as rivers and swamps when marching for a desired object. Here were rivers swollen into a dozen channels, dark swamps that seemed interminable, miles of roads that were lately bottomless, or often under three feet of ice-cold water. The bridges were destroyed everywhere. The narrow causeways, called roads by courtesy, if not submerged, were defended by the enemy's batteries. It rained almost constantly day and night, and the only protection the army had was the little rubber blankets or shelter tents they carried on their backs in addition to their knapsacks and several days' rations. There were not a half dozen complete tents in the army. Sherman himself oftenest slept under a tent "fly," under trees, or else in stray country churches.

Through all the mud, swamp, forest, and water, the troops dragged two thousand wagons, besides ambulances and batteries. The horses and mules often floundered in the bottomless roads, became discouraged, gave out, and died. Then the men took their places, and dragged wagons and cannon for miles. Whole brigades worked sometimes day and night making temporary roadbeds from trees felled in the swamps. The men were glad to sleep anywhere—in the mud, in the woods, in the rain, at the roadside—anywhere, if only they could lie down without being shot at. There is official record that one division of the troops on this terrible march waded through swamps and forded thirty-five rivers where the ice-cold water often reached to the men's waists. The same division, while floundering through the swamps, constructed fifteen miles of corduroy wagon road and one hundred and twenty-two miles of side road for the troops. There were no quartermaster's trains, so the troops were nearly destitute of clothing. Thousands of the army were shoeless before the campaign was half over.

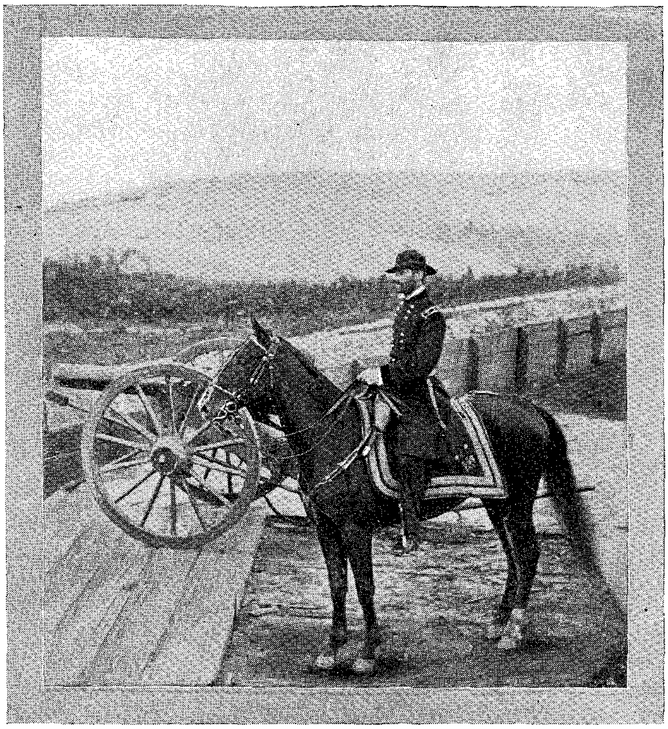
One night Sherman and his staff lodged in a little deserted church they found in the woods. I recall how the General himself would not sleep on the bit of carpet on the pulpit platform.

"Keep that for some of you young fellows who are not well," he said laughingly, as he stretched himself out on a long hard bench till morning.

He shared all the privations and hardships of the common soldier. He slept in his uniform every night of the whole campaign. Sometimes we did not get into a camp till midnight. I think every man in the army knew the General's face, and thousands spoke with him personally. The familiarity of the troops at times was amusing.

"Don't ride too fast, General," they would cry out, seeing his horse plunging along in the mire at the roadside, as he tried to pass some division. "Pretty slippery going, Uncle Billy; pretty slippery going." Or, "Say, General, kin you tell us is this the road to Richmond?"

Every soldier of his army had taken on the enthusiasm of the General himself. They would go anywhere that he might point to. Often as he approached some regiment, a wild huzza would be given, and taken up and repeated by the troops a mile ahead.



SHERMAN BEFORE ATLANTA, 1864. AGE 44.

Instinct seemed to tell the boys, when there was any loud shouting anywhere whatever, that Uncle Billy was coming, and they joined in the cheers till the woods rang. It was a common thing for the General to stop his horse and speak words of encouragement or praise to some subordinate officer or private soldier struggling at the roadside. He seemed to know the faces and even the names of hundreds of his troops. Even the foragers, whose cleverness and fleetness fed the army, and who left the regiments at daylight every morning on foot, and at the close of each day returned to camp on horseback and muleback, laden with supplies, he knew often by name. Along with perfect discipline, every day showed some proof of his sympathy with the common soldiers. He had his humorous side with them too. When the army reached Goldsborough, half the men were in rags. One day a division was ordered to march past him in review. The men were barelegged and ragged, some of them almost hatless.

"Only look at the poor fellows with their bare legs," said an officer at the General's side, sympathizingly.

"Splendid legs," cried the General, with a twinkle in his eye, "splendid legs. Would give both of mine for any one of them."

On the march and in the camp Sherman's life was simplicity itself. He had few brilliantly uniformed and useless aids about him. The simple tent "fly" was his usual headquarters, and under it all his military family ate together. His despatches he wrote mostly with his own hand. He had little use for clerks. But Dayton, his adjutant-general, was better than a regiment of clerks. When we halted somewhere in the woods for the night, the General was the busiest man in the army. While others slept, his little camp-fire was burning, and often in the long vigils of the night I have seen a tall form walking up and down by that fire. Sometimes we got a little behind the army with our night camp, or too far in front, and then the staff officers and the orderlies would buckle on their pistols, and we remain awake all night. Sherman himself slept but little. He did not seem to need sleep, and I have known him to stay but two hours in bed many a night. In later years a slight asthma made much sleep impossible for him. After the war, when I was at his home in St. Louis, he seldom retired till twelve or one o'clock. It was often as late, too, on this march.

It was a singularly impressive sight to see this solitary figure walking there by the flickering camp-fire while the army slept. If a gun went off somewhere in the distance, or if an unusual noise were heard, he would instantly call one of us to go and find out what it meant. He paid small attention to appearances; to dress almost none.

"There is going to be a battle to-day, sure," said Colonel Audenreid, of the staff, one morning before daylight.

"How do you know?" asked a comrade.

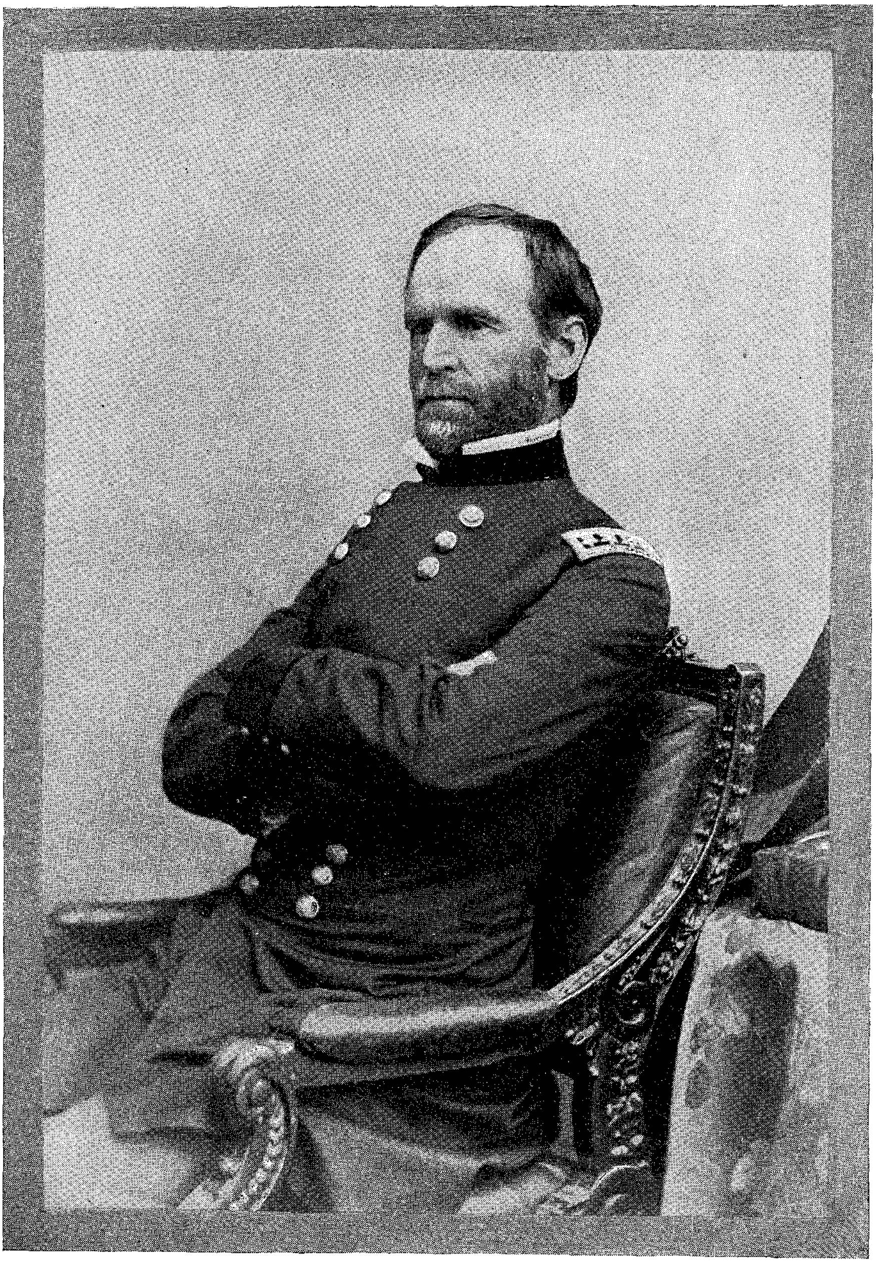
"Why, don't you see? The General's up there by the fire putting on a clean collar. The sign's dead sure."

A battle did take place that day, and Cheraw, with forty cannon, fell into our hands. It was more a run than a battle.

Daylight usually saw us all ready for the saddle. When noon came we dismounted at the roadside, sat down on a log or on the grass, and had a simple lunch, washed down with water from the swamp, or something stronger from a flask that was ever the General's companion; for he was a soldier, and was living a soldier's life.

When we reached the Cape Fear River, in the Carolinas, we found there (at Fayetteville) a splendid arsenal, built in former times by the United States. Now it was used for making arms to destroy the Government. Sherman burned it to the ground; but first he took me all through the building and explained its complicated machinery and apparatus. I was astonished that anyone but a mechanical engineer could know all about such things.

"Why, of course, one must learn everything," he said to me. "I picked this thing up at leisure hours. One must never let a chance to learn something be lost. I say this to young men always," he continued.



GENERAL SHERMAN IN 1869. AGE 49. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

"No matter if the thing don't seem to be of much use at the time. Who knows how soon it may be wanted? No matter how far away from one's calling it may seem, all knowledge, however gained, is of use; sometimes of great use. Why," he went on, "once when I captured a town in Alabama, I found the telegraph wire in perfect order. The enemy had forgotten it or had run away too quick to cut it. My operator was not with me. I called to know if any soldier in the bodyguard could work an instrument.

"'I can,' said a beardless private.

"He had picked up a knowledge of the thing, 'just for fun,' he said. I set him at work. Important news was going over the wire from Lee. That boy caught the message. I had it signalled back of my lines to be repeated to General Grant in Virginia. Perhaps it helped to save a battle. Anyway, that young man won promotion. Learning a little thing once when chance offered, afterward gave him the opportunity of his life.

"When I was a young man stationed in Georgia," he continued, "my comrades at the military post spent their Sundays playing cards and visiting. I spent mine in riding or walking over the hills of the neighborhood. I learned the topography of the country. It was no use to me then. Later, I led an army through that region, and the knowledge of the country I had gained there as a young fellow helped me to win a dozen victories."

We went from the arsenal back to the breakfast table in an adjoining house.

"This arsenal has cost a mint of money," he said, "but it must burn. It is time to commence hurting these fellows. They must find out that war is war; and the more terrible it is made, the sooner it is over."

I told him what Stonewall Jackson said as to not taking prisoners.

"Perhaps he was right," said the General. "It seems cruel; but if there were no quarter given, most men would keep out of war. Rebellions would be few and short."

While we were eating, a whistle blew. It was from a little tugboat that had steamed its way up the swollen and dangerous river from Wilmington. It passed the enemy hidden on either bank. It was the first sound from the North heard since the army left the ocean. No one in all the North knew where Sherman's army was. Rumors brought from the South said it was "floundering and perishing in the swamps of the Carolinas." That day the General directed me to board this tugboat, run down the river in the night, and carry despatches to General Grant in front of Richmond, and to President Lincoln at Washington.

"Don't say much about how we are doing down here," said the General, as he put his arm about me and said farewell that evening down at the river bank. "Don't tell them in the North we are cutting any great swath here. Just say we are taking care of whatever is getting in front of us. And be careful your boat don't get knocked to the bottom of the river before daylight."

Our little craft was covered nearly all over with cotton bales. The river was very wide and out of its banks everywhere; the night was dark. Whatever the enemy may have thought of the little puffs of steam far out on the dark, rapid water, we got down to the sea unharmed. A fleet ocean steamer at once carried me to Virginia. Grant was in a little log cabin at City Point, and when an officer was announced with despatches from Sherman, he was delighted. He took me into a back room, read the letters I ripped out of my clothing, and asked me many questions. Then General Ord entered.

"Look here," said General Grant, delighted as a child. "Look here, Ord, at the news from Sherman. He has beaten even the swamps of the Carolinas."

"I am so glad," said Ord, rattling his big spurs; "I am so glad. I was getting a little uneasy."

"I not a bit," said Grant. "I knew Sherman. I knew my man. I knew my man," he gravely continued, almost to himself.

Rawlins, the adjutant-general, was called in to rejoice with the others. Then a leave of absence was made out for me to go North to my home, where I had been but eight days during the whole war, and now my months of painful imprisonment had undermined my health.

When next I saw General Sherman it was at my own house in Switzerland, after the war had closed. He was making his grand tour of Europe, and came out of his way to visit me. I was then a consul at Zurich. For days we talked the old times over. All the military men in Switzerland wanted to see the great American captain. A company of them were invited to an excursion up the lake. Then it was learned that nearly all of them had been students of Sherman's campaigns for months. It was a novel sight to see them under the awning of the steamer, surrounding Sherman, while with pencil and maps in hand he traced for them all the strategic lines of "The March to the Sea." A high officer begged as a souvenir the map that Sherman's hand had traced.

"It shall be an heirloom in my family," he declared.

The lake pleased the General. "Still," said he, "it is no prettier than the lakes at Madison, Wisconsin. It looks like them, but they are our own; they are American."

He appreciated beautiful scenes and dwelt upon them almost with the love of a poet. "I am glad you saw San Remo," he wrote me. "Vividly I recall the ride to Genoa, the gorgeous scenery of the sea and shore, of sheltered vales and olive-clad hills, with the snow-capped Apennines behind. Washington," he said, "is to my mind the handsomest city in the world, not excepting Paris; and the Potomac, when walled in and its shores in grass-plots, may some day approximate to the Rhine in loveliness."

It rained a little the morning he was starting from Zurich to the St. Gothard Pass for Italy, and threatened storm. My wife tried to induce him to wait for better weather.

"No, that I never do," said he. "If it is raining when I start, it is sure to clear up on the way; and that's when we like the weather to be good. No, I would rather start in a storm than not."

We lived in Bocken, a country house far up the lake, at the time of his visit. It was two miles from the boat-landing at the village, and I could get no fit carriage to take him up.

"Let me walk," said he. "Don't rob me of the only opportunity I have had to use my feet in Europe."

All the villagers hung out flags, and the peasants, who knew from the town papers that he was coming, stood at the roadsides with bared heads. Then a company of village cadets marched up the hill to our house to do him honor. He spoke to them in English. They did not understand a word, but gave a grand hurrah, and then marched down again.

When Sherman went to live in Washington it seemed as if every soldier who came there felt bound to call on him. Every man of them was received as an old friend and companion. Day in, day out, the bell would ring, and, "It's a soldier," the maid would announce.

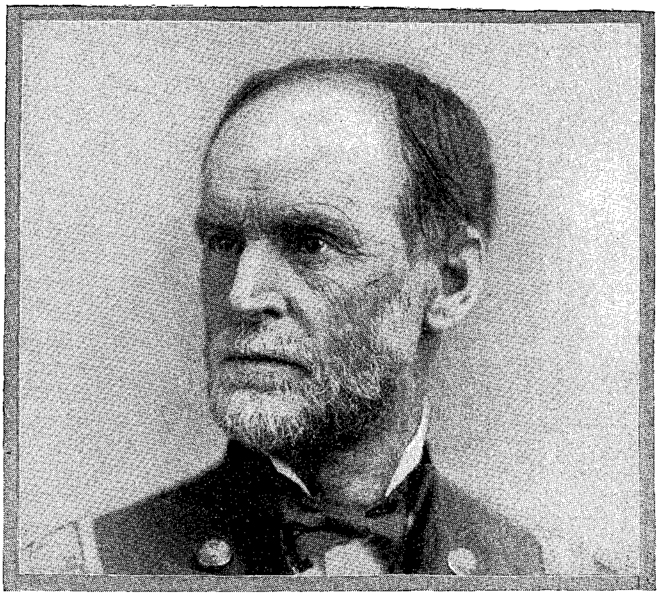
"Let him in," the General would answer.

No matter what he was engaged upon, or who was in the room, the worthy and the unworthy alike went off with his blessing, and, if need be, his aid. He kept open accounts at shoe-stores, where every needy soldier calling on him could get shoes at his expense. One of his beneficiaries, at least, did not withhold due expressions of gratitude. A young colored man, who wore a big scarlet necktie and twirled in one hand a silk hat and in the other a fancy cane, calling, said:

"Yes, Mr. Sherman, I wants to thank you very much for the place you done got for me in the department. I likes the place. Yes, Mr. Sherman. And I wants to thank God for you very much, and I hopes you'll get to heaven just sure. Fact is, I just know you will."

"That's all right," said the General, glancing over the top of the newspaper he was reading, "only you look out that you don't get to the other place."

Sherman loved young people—associated with them all his life. There was no frolic he could not take part in with them. Boys, not less than girls,



GENERAL SHERMAN IN 1876. AGE 56. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

liked him and his happy ways. He made the sun shine for them. If he kissed the girls, the girls kissed him.

Once I saw him at Berne when he was boarding the train for Paris. Every American girl who happened to be in the town came to see him off. Not one of them had ever seen him before, but every one of them kissed him; so did some of their mothers. Women like real heroes in this world.

In 1874 he moved up town to Fifteenth Street, and almost next door to Mr. Blaine. Sometimes in the hot summer evenings the two sat on the stone walk out in front of Sherman's house till late in the night, talking about everything except politics. I was often an interested listener. Sherman called Blaine the "Great Premier."

"He has a great genius for running things," said he, "and parties; likes to make friends, and has got lots of them; knows how to make enemies too. Can't keep all his promises—makes too many; forgets them. That's politics. He is a great man, though, a statesman, spite of shortcomings."

Speaking of Blaine's bitter enemies, he once said: "All successful men are hated by somebody."

Sometimes those hot summer evenings, in Fifteenth Street, he held quasi-receptions out in front of the house, so many people came to see him. Everybody felt at liberty to call, or, if he saw friends passing under the gas-light, he bade them sit down and chat. Inside the house his hospitality was boundless. There was never any end to guests. He kept open house, as it were. The table was always spread, and unexpected guests sat down daily. I wondered at the time how his salary, though large, ever paid his expenses.

His private office was a little room down in the basement. Who in Washington can ever forget the little tin sign on the window below, bearing the simple words:

"OFFICE OF GENERAL SHERMAN."

"Not the *great* Sherman!" many a passer-by has exclaimed, as he halted and looked down at the window, hoping possibly for a single glimpse of the man himself. He always chose these modest basements for his own office, whether in Washington, St. Louis, or New York. The furnishing was no less modest. A plain desk, his familiar chair, seats for a few friends by the little open fireplace, a fine engraving of General Grant, an occasional battle scene, a big photograph of Sheridan, and some cases and shelves filled with his books, war maps, and valuable correspondence. Simple as it seemed, all was systematized. The Government allowed him one clerk, Mr. Barrett, whose whole time was spent in classifying and indexing papers and letters as valuable as any in all America. Sherman had for twenty-five years corresponded with many notable people—Lincoln, Chase, Grant, Sheridan, all the heroes of the war times, civil or military, besides hundreds of private individuals. It is in these latter letters, scattered among friends everywhere, that is best seen the spark of nature's fire that, next to his deeds, most marks Sherman as a man of genius. He wrote as he talked, sometimes at random, but always brilliantly. Often late in the night, as he walked up and down the little room among the letters of the great men he had known, it seemed as if he might be in communion with their spirits. They were nearly all dead; he had outlived most of the heroes of the war North or South, and seemed at times like one who had been in the world, seen its glories and its follies, and was ready himself to depart.

"Some night as I come home from the theatre or a dinner," he once said, "a chill will catch me. I will have a cold, be unwell a day, and then——"

It all happened, at last, just as his imagination had foreseen it.

After he removed to St. Louis, where he had a quiet house at 912 Garrison Avenue, the office was in the simple basement as before. The same tin sign was on the window. All seemed as before; nothing changed. Almost every night, after other friends had left, we sat in his room and talked or read. I had been invited to his house at this time for the purpose of editing certain of his letters for the "North American Review."

"Here are my keys," he said one night, throwing them on my desk. "There are all my papers and letters. You will find things there that will interest people."

And I did; but I did not regard it as right, nor myself at liberty, to print many of the letters at the time.

"Before you moved out of Atlanta, General," I once asked, "what did you think would be the effect of your marching that army down to the ocean?"

"I thought it would end the war," he answered quickly. "It was to put me behind Lee's army so soon as I should turn north to the Carolinas. You have the letter there that Lee once wrote, saying it was easy for him to see that unless my plans were interrupted he would be compelled to leave Richmond. I had scarcely reached the Roanoke River when he commenced slipping out of Richmond, and the whole Confederacy suddenly came to an end."

General Grant realized to the full the tremendous importance of Sherman's last movements.

"That was a campaign," said he, "the like of which is not read of in past history."

I looked over hundreds of Sherman's papers. When I found anything that specially interested me, I mentioned it to him. Then he dropped his book, and talked by the hour, relating to me the incidents, and speaking of noted men whom he had known. These were the times when it was most worth while to hear Sherman talk.

While I busied myself with the letters, he was deep in Walter Scott, or Dickens, or Robert Burns. A copy of Burns lay on his desk constantly. Certain of Dickens's novels he read once every year. I have forgotten which they were. He was a constant reader of good books, and I think he knew Burns almost by heart. He was also fond of music, and went much to the opera. Army songs always pleased him, and there was one commencing, "Old fellow, you've played out your time," he could not hear too often.

"It is the whole and true history of a soldier's life and sorrows," he would say.

He hated the newspapers, yet through necessity, almost, he read them every morning, making running comments on what they said. If there were funny things in them, or spicy, he read them aloud, for he was a lover of a good joke.

"But there's none of it true," he would say. "I almost think it impossible for an editor to tell the truth. If this country is ever given over to socialism, communism, and the devil, the newspapers will be to blame for it. The chief trouble of my life has been in dealing with newspapers. They want sensations—something that will sell. If they make sad a hundred or a thousand hearts, it is of no concern to them."

For professional politicians he had as little regard as for the newspapers.

"But there are newspapers and newspapers," said he; "politicians and politicians; but statesmen are scarce as hens' teeth. No American can help interesting himself in politics. That belongs to a republic. Every man's a ruler here whether he knows anything about it or not; and all parties are about alike."

But he had every confidence in our government.

"Thanks to the Union soldiers," said he, "the Ship of State is in port, and it don't matter much who's President. But parties are necessary. No single man can run this government without a united party to help him. Again," he said, "our national strength is tested by the political hurricanes which pass over us every four years, and by such transitions as took place when the government passed from Garfield to Arthur. Next week the Democrats will meet and nominate Jeff Davis, Cleveland, or some other fellow; but it don't matter who is captain—the ship's in. Anyway, our best Presidents are usually accidents."

Sherman's own name was always being proposed for President, but he had no desire for the office.

"My consent never will be obtained," said he. "It is entirely out of the question. I don't want the Presidency and will not have it. I recall too well the experiences of Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant, Hayes, Garfield — all soldiers—to be tempted by the siren voice of flattery."

When in 1884 it was insisted that he should run, and he was told it was a duty, and that "no man dare refuse a call of the people," he answered sternly: "No political party convention is the keeper of the United States; and if really nominated I would decline in such language as would do both the convention and myself harm."

No matter how early the General was out of bed those mornings in St. Louis, it was hard to get him to breakfast if once he had commenced reading or writing down in the basement. To remedy this, his wife had the newspapers put on the breakfast table. Mrs. Sherman always called him "Cump." That was his name with her before he was eminent, and I am sure he liked it, with all the love and familiarity it conveyed, far more than any of the titles given him by Presidents and legislatures. In fact, he gave little regard to titles alone.

"Lieutenant A—— is again off looking up his ancestors," he once said to me, "just as if ancestors or titles made a man. I suppose I had some military talent to start with, but it was work, not ancestors, and study, and forever work, that brought me my success."

His nature was generous and unselfish in the extreme. One night at St. Louis he was invited to speak at the presentation of a new flag to Ransom Post. When I came down stairs to accompany him, he stood in the parlor dressed and waiting.

"Where's your badge?" he said to me.

"Why, General, I have none here."

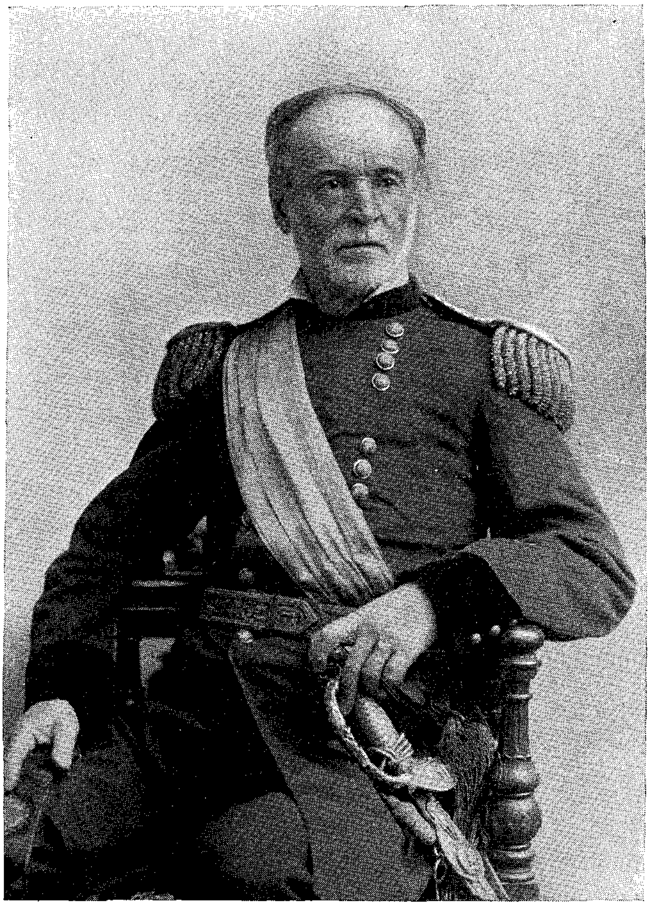
"Have none? Take this," he said, and instantly pulled the metal badge from his own breast and pinned it on my coat.

That badge is on my desk while I write these recollections.

Once he took me to see "Buffalo Bill" at the fair grounds. A crippled soldier we met on the way begged for help, and he so nearly emptied his pocket-book to the man, he had to borrow money to get us into the show. The show delighted him as it might have delighted a little child. He called for Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") to be brought to him that he might shake hands with him. He had known him many years before.

"That man's a genius," said he, when Cody went back to the ring. "He puts his life into his show, and Cody believes in himself."

Not every warrior can shed a tear. Sherman's heart was as tender as a child's. I have seen those thin, compressed lips tremble, and the brown eyes moisten, at the recital of a wrong. He had two sides to his nature. In war he had all the elements of the stern soldier; he could be resolute, but not pitiless. Gallantry and chivalry were parts of his nature. In peace he was a student, a gracious gentleman; the man whom women and children loved. His kindness simply knew no bounds. For a companion-in-arms, no matter what his rank, he had abiding regard.



GENERAL SHERMAN IN 1888. AGE 68. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

"Sherman recommends everybody for place," said a department chief to me one day. "Now which one can he want appointed?"

"He wants them all appointed," I replied.

His tall form, his genial manners, but above all the story of his great deeds, made him a constantly noticeable figure wherever he went. His face was as familiar to Americans as the face of Washington or Lincoln. He always seemed to me younger than he really was. He had to the last a buoyancy of spirits that usually belongs only to youth. I never saw him speak to a young person without smiling; and as to his ways toward women, he was a Bayard of the Bayards. The term chivalrous belonged to him by birthright.

I recall how, after a noon dinner party at Berne once, a lady, not a young or a beautiful one, had started up the stairs alone. A dozen young fellows loitering there allowed her to go unnoticed. The General, at the *salon* door, got a glimpse of her half way up to the landing. In long strides he bounded instantly up the stairs, and had her arm before she knew it. Her smile repaid him as it rebuked the rest. Despite reports to the contrary, he was as chivalrous toward women and children in the South as he was toward his own people, and protected them as fully. I recall vividly how once on the march in the Carolinas he caused a young staff officer to be led out before the troops, his sword broken in two and his shoulder straps cut from his shoulders, because he had permitted some of his men to rob a Southern woman of her jewelry.

"I am a thief," were the words he placarded over the head of another soldier, who had stolen a woman's finger-ring. With this inscription above his head, the culprit stood on top of a barrel by a bridge while the whole army filed past him.

He was always making little speeches. He had to; it was demanded of him. He was no orator, but he said original things. His words were crisp, to the point, and never to be forgotten.

When the family were preparing to remove from St. Louis to New York, Sherman said: "I must see people; I must talk."

He loved St. Louis, but there was only one New York. I begged a trifle from his little room before he went—that room in which I had so often, late into the night, sat alone with him and listened to the magic of his talk. He took a bronze paper-weight from his desk.

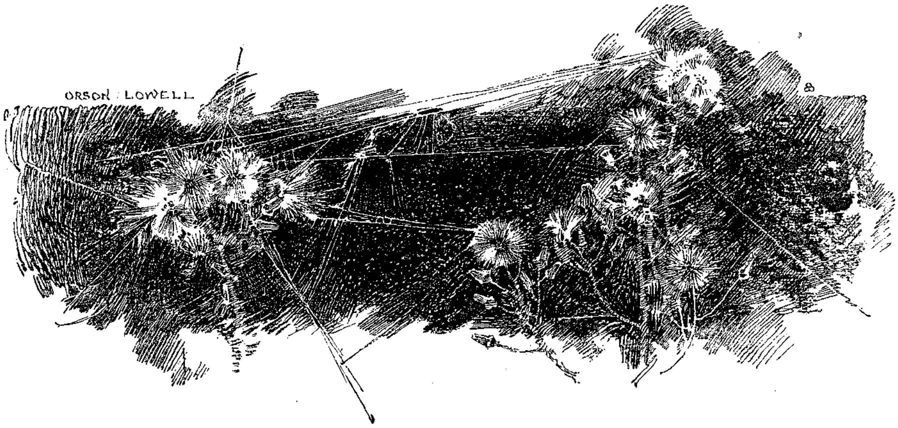
"It is the image of America's greatest captain," he said, and gave me a little figure of General Grant that had been on his desk for many years.

General Sherman's appreciation of Grant knew no bounds.

"He was the one level-headed man among us all," he said one night.

In New York I was with him again from time to time. Again his office was in the basement. The same furniture, the same pictures, the little open fireplace, the same man, the same talk. Advancing years changed his features a little, but not his spirits. His hair was gray, but his eyes were bright as ever.

Then came a day when I went into the little basement in Seventy-first Street only to find the chair of the Great Captain forever vacant. His body lay in its coffin in a darkened room upstairs. It was clad in the full uniform of a commanding general. The commander of an opposing army helped bear it to the tomb; and never was the grief of a nation more sincere.



MY FIRST BOOK.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IT is very well for the master craftsman with twenty triumphs behind him to look down the vista of his successes and to recall how he picked out the path which has led him to fame, but for the tyro whose first book is perilously near to his last one it becomes a more invidious matter. His past presses too closely upon his present, and his reminiscences, unmellowed by the flight of years, are apt to be rawly and crudely personal. And yet even time helps me when I speak of my first work, for it was written seven and twenty years ago.

I was six at the time, and have a very distinct recollection of the achievement. It was written, I remember, upon foolscap paper, in what might be called a fine bold hand—four words to the line, and was illustrated by marginal pen-and-ink sketches by the author. There was a man in it, and there was a tiger. I forget which was the hero, but it didn't matter much, for they became blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man. I was a realist in the age of the Romanticists. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially, the untimely end of that wayfarer. But when the tiger had absorbed him, I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. "It is very easy to get people into scrapes, and very hard to get them out again," I remarked, and I have often had cause to repeat the precocious aphorism of my childhood. On this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book, like my man, was engulfed in my tiger. There is an old family bureau with secret drawers, in which lie little locks of hair tied up in circles, and black silhouettes and dim daguerreotypes and letters which seem to have been written in the lightest of straw-colored inks. Somewhere there lies my primitive manuscript, where my tiger, like a many-hooped barrel with a tail to it, still envelops the hapless stranger whom he has taken in.

Then came my second book, which was told and not written, but which was a much more ambitious effort than the first. Between the two, four years had elapsed, which were mainly spent in reading. It is rumored that a special meeting of a library committee was held in my honor, at which a by-law was passed that no subscriber should be permitted to change his book more than three times a day. Yet, even with these limitations, by the aid of a well-stocked bookcase at home, I managed to enter my tenth year with a good deal in my head that I could never have learned in the class-rooms.

I do not think life has any joys to offer so complete, so soul-filling, as that which comes upon the imaginative lad whose spare time is limited, but who is able to snuggle down into a corner with his book, knowing that the next hour is all his own. And how vivid and fresh it all is! Your very heart and soul are out on the prairies and the oceans with your hero. It is you who act and suffer and enjoy. You carry the long small-bore Kentucky rifle with which such egregious things are done, and you lie out upon the top-sail yard, and get jerked by the flap of the sail into the Pacific, where you cling on to the leg of an albatross, and so keep afloat until the comic boatswain turns up with his crew of volunteers to handspike you into safety. What a magic it is, this stirring of the boyish heart and mind! Long ere I came to my teens I had traversed every sea, and knew the Rockies like my own back garden. How often had I sprung upon the back of the charging buffalo and so escaped him. It was an everyday emergency to have to set the prairie on fire in front of me in order to escape from the fire behind, or to run a mile down a brook to throw the bloodhounds off my trail. I had creased horses, I had shot down rapids, I had strapped on my moccasins hind-foremost to conceal my tracks, I had lain under water with a reed in my mouth, and I had feigned madness to escape the torture. As to the Indian braves whom I slew in single combats I could have stocked a large graveyard, and, fortunately enough, though I was a good deal chipped about in these affairs, no real harm ever came of it, and I was always nursed back into health by a very fascinating young squaw. It was all more real than the reality. Since those days I have in very truth both shot bears and harpooned whales, but the performance was flat compared to the first time that I did it with Mr. Ballantyne or Captain Mayne Reid at my elbow.

In the fulness of time I was packed off to a public school, and in some way it was discovered by my playmates that I had more than my share of the lore that they hankered after. There was my *début* as a story-teller. On a wet half-holiday I have been elevated on to a desk, and with an audience of little boys all squatting on the floor, with their chins upon their hands, I have talked myself husky over the misfortunes of my heroes. Week in and week out those unhappy men have battled and striven and groaned for the amusement of that little circle. I was bribed with pastry to continue these efforts, and I remember that I always stipulated for tarts down and strict business, which shows that I was born to be a member of the Authors' Society. Sometimes, too, I would stop dead in the very thrill of a crisis, and could only be set a-going again by apples. When I had got as far as "With his left hand in her glossy locks, he was waving the blood-stained knife above her head, when——" I knew that I had my audience in my power. And thus my second book was evolved.

It may be that my literary experiences would have ended there, had there not come a time in my early manhood when that good old harsh-faced schoolmistress, Hard Times, took me by the hand. I wrote, and with amazement I found that my writing was accepted. "Chambers' Journal" it was which rose to the occasion, and I have had a kindly feeling for its mustard-colored back ever since. Fifty little cylinders of manuscript did I send out during eight years, which described irregular orbits among publishers, and usually came back like paper boomerangs to the place that they had started from. Yet in time they all lodged somewhere or other. Mr. Hogg, of "London Society," was one of the most constant of my patrons, and Mr. James Payn wasted hours of his valuable time in encouraging me to persevere. Knowing as I do that he was one of the busiest men in London, I never received one of his shrewd and kindly and most illegible letters without a feeling of gratitude and wonder.

I have heard folk talk as though there were some hidden back door by which one may creep into literature, but I can say myself that I never had an introduction to any editor or publisher before doing business with them, and that I do not think that I suffered on that account. Yet my apprenticeship was a long and trying one. During ten years of hard work, I averaged less than fifty pounds a year from my pen. I won my way into the best journals, "Cornhill," "Temple Bar," and so on; but what is the use of that when the contributions to those journals must be anonymous? It is a system which tells very hardly against young authors. I saw with astonishment and pride that "Habakkuk Jephson's Statement" in the "Cornhill" was attributed by critic after critic to Stevenson; but, overwhelmed as I was by the compliment, a word of the most lukewarm praise sent straight to my own address would have been of greater use to me. After ten years of such work I was as unknown as if I had never dipped a pen in an ink-bottle. Sometimes, of course, the anonymous system may screen you from blame as well as rob you of praise. How well I can see a dear old friend running after me in the street, waving a London evening paper in his hand. "Have you seen what they say about your 'Cornhill' story?" he shouted. "No, no. What is it?" "Here it is! Here it is!" Eagerly he turned over the column, while I, trembling with excitement, but determined to bear my honors meekly, peeped over his shoulder. "The 'Cornhill' this month," said the critic, "has a story in it which would have made Thackeray turn in his grave." There were several witnesses about, and the Portsmouth bench are severe upon assaults, so my friend escaped unscathed. Then first I realized that British criticism had fallen into a shocking state of decay; though when someone has a pat on the back for you you understand that, after all, there are some very smart people upon the literary press.

And so at last it was brought home to me that a man may put the very best that is in him into magazine work for years and years, and reap no benefit from it, save, of course, the inherent benefits of literary practice. So I wrote another of my first books, and sent it off to the publishers. Alack and alas for the dreadful thing that happened! The publishers never received it, the post-office sent countless blue forms to say that they knew nothing about it, and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of it. Of course it was the best thing I ever wrote. Who ever lost a manuscript that wasn't? But I must in all honesty confess that my shock at its disappearance would be as nothing to my horror if it were suddenly to appear again—in print. If one or two other of my earlier efforts had also been lost in the post, my conscience would have been the lighter. This one was called "The Narrative of John Smith," and it was of a personal-social-political complexion. Had it appeared I should have probably awakened to find myself infamous, for it steered, as I remember it, perilously near to the libellous. However, it was safely lost, and that was the end of another of my first books.

Then I started upon an exceedingly sensational novel, which interested me extremely at the time, though I have never heard that it had the same effect upon anyone else afterwards. I may urge in extenuation of all shortcomings that it was written in the intervals of a busy though ill-paying practice. And a man must try that and combine it with literary work before he quite knows what it means. How often have I rejoiced to find a clear morning before me, and settled down to my task, or rather, dashed ferociously at it, as knowing how precious were those hours of quiet. Then to me enters my housekeeper, with tidings of dismay. "Mrs. Thurston's little boy wants to see you, doctor." "Show him in," say I, striving to fix my scene in my mind that I may splice it when this trouble is over. "Well, my boy?" "Please, doctor, mother wants to know if she is to add water to that medicine?" "Certainly, certainly." Not that it matters in the least, but it is well to answer with decision. Exit the little boy, and the splice is about half accomplished when he suddenly bursts into the room again. "Please, doctor, when I got back mother had taken the medicine without the water." "Tut, tut!" I answer. "It really doesn't matter in the least." The youth withdraws with a suspicious glance, and one more paragraph has been written when the husband puts in an appearance. "There seems to have been some misunderstanding about that medicine," he remarks coldly. "Not at all," I say; "it really didn't matter." "Well, then, why did you tell the boy it should be taken with water?" And then I try to disentangle the business, and the husband shakes his head gloomily at me. "She feels very queer," says he; "we should all be easier in our minds if you came and looked at her." So I leave my heroine in the four-foot way with an express thundering towards her, and trudge sadly off, with the feeling that another morning has been wasted, and another seam left visible to the critic's eye in my unhappy novel. Such was the genesis of my sensational romance, and when publishers wrote to say that they could see no merit in it, I was, heart and soul, of the same way of thinking.

And then, under more favorable circumstances, I wrote "Micah Clarke," for patients had become more tractable, and I had married, and in every way I was a brighter man. A year's reading and five months' writing finished it, and I thought I had a tool in my hands that would cut a path for me. So I had, but the first thing that I cut with it was my finger. I sent it to a friend, whose opinion I deeply respected, in London, who read for one of the leading houses, but he had been bitten by the historical novel, and very naturally he distrusted it. From him it went to house after house, and house after house would have none of it. Blackwood found that the people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; Bentley, that its principal defect was that there was a complete absence of interest; Cassell's, that experience had shown that a historical novel could never be a commercial success. I remember smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some sporting, reckless kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot. And then suddenly I bethought me to send it to Messrs. Longmans, where it was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang. From that day the way was smoothed to it, and, as things turned out, I was spared that keenest sting of ill-success, that those who had believed in your work should suffer pecuniarily for their belief. A door had been opened for me into the temple of the Muses, and it only remained that I should find something that was worthy of being borne through it.

THE BREAK-UP OF THE SOHO ANARCHIST LEAGUE.

By Robert Barr.

IT has been said in the London papers that the dissolution of the Soho Anarchist League was caused by want of funds. This is very far from being the case. An Anarchist league has no need for funds, and so long as there is money enough to buy beer the league is sure of continued existence. The truth about the scattering of the Soho organization was told me by a young newspaper man who was chairman at the last meeting.

The young man was not an Anarchist, though he had to pretend to be one in the interests of his paper, and so joined the Soho League, where he made some fiery speeches that were much applauded. At last Anarchist news became a drug in the market, and the editor of the paper young Marshall Simkins belonged to told him that he would now have to turn his attention to Parliamentary work, as he would print no more Anarchist news in the sheet.

One might think that young Simkins would have been glad to get rid of his Anarchist work, as he had no love for the cause. He was glad to get rid of it, but he found some difficulty in sending in his resignation. The moment he spoke of resigning, the members became suspicious of him. He had always been rather better dressed than the others, and, besides, he drank less beer. If a man wishes to be in good standing in the league he must not be fastidious as to dress, and he must be constructed to hold at least a gallon of beer at a sitting. Simkins was merely a "quart" man, and this would have told against him all along if it had not been for the extra gunpowder he put in his speeches. On several occasions seasoned Anarchists had gathered about him and begged

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him to give up his designs on the Parliament buildings.

The older heads claimed that, desirable as was the obliteration of the Houses of Parliament, the time was not yet ripe for it. England, they pointed out, was the only place where Anarchists could live and talk unmolested, so, while they were quite anxious that Simkins should go and blow up Vienna, Berlin, or Paris, they were not willing for him to begin on London. Simkins was usually calmed down with much difficulty, and finally, after hissing, "Cowards!" two or three times under his breath, he concluded with: "Oh, very well, then, you know better than I do—I am only a young recruit; but allow me at least to blow up Waterloo Bridge, or spring a bomb in Fleet Street, just to show that we are up and doing."

But this the Anarchists would not sanction. If he wanted to blow up bridges, he could try his hand on those across the Seine. They had given their word that there would be no explosions in London so long as England afforded them an asylum.

"But look at Trafalgar Square," cried Simkins angrily; "we are not allowed to meet there."

"Who wants to meet there?" said the chairman. "It is ever so much more comfortable in these rooms, and there is no beer in Trafalgar Square." "Yes, yes," put in several others; "the time is not yet ripe for it." Thus was Simkins calmed down, and beer allowed to flow again in tranquillity, while some foreign Anarchist, who was not allowed to set foot in his native country, would get up and harangue the crowd in broken English and tell them what great things would yet be done by dynamite.

But when Simkins sent in his resignation a change came over their feelings towards him, and he saw at once that he was a marked man. The chairman, in a whisper, advised him to withdraw his resignation. So Simkins, who was a shrewd young fellow, understanding the temper of the assembly, arose and said:

"I have no desire to resign, but you do nothing except talk, and I want to belong to an Anarchist society that acts." He stayed away from the next meeting, and tried to drop them in that way, but a committee from the league called upon him at his lodgings, and his landlady thought that young Simkins had got into bad ways when he had such evil-looking men visiting him.

Simkins was in a dilemma, and could not think what to do. The Anarchists apparently were not to be shaken off. He applied to his editor for advice on the situation, but that good man could think of no way out of the trouble.

"You ought to have known better," he said, "than to mix up with such people."

"But how was I to get the news?" asked Simkins, with some indignation. The editor shrugged his shoulders. That was not his part of the business; and if the Anarchists chose to make things uncomfortable for the young man, he could not help it.

Simkins's fellow-lodger, a student who was studying chemistry in London, noticed that the reporter was becoming gaunt with anxiety.

"Simkins," said Sedlitz to him one morning, "you are haggard and careworn: what is the matter with you? Are you in love, or is it merely debt that is bothering you?"

"Neither," replied Simkins.

"Then cheer up," said Sedlitz. "If one or the other is not bothering you, then anything else is easily remedied."

"I am not so sure of that," rejoined Simkins; and then he sat down and told his friend just what was troubling him.

"Ah," said Sedlitz, "that accounts for it. There has been a ruffianly-looking man marching up and down, watching this house. They are on your track, Simkins, my boy, and when they discover that you are a reporter, and therefore necessarily a traitor, you will be nabbed some dark night."

"Well, that's encouraging," said Simkins, with his head in his hands.

"Are these Anarchists brave men, and would they risk their lives in any undertaking?" asked Sedlitz.

"Oh, I don't know. They talk enough, but I don't know what they would do. They are quite capable, though, of tripping me up in a dark alley."

"Look here," said Sedlitz, "suppose you let me try a plan. Let me give them a lecture on the 'Chemistry of Anarchy.' It's a fascinating subject."

"What good would that do?"

"Oh, wait till you have heard the lecture. If I don't make the hair of some of them stand on end, they are braver men than I expect them to be. We have a large room in Clement's Inn, where we students meet to try experiments and smoke tobacco. It is half club and half lecture-room. Now, I propose to get those Anarchists in there, lock the doors, and tell them something about dynamite and other explosives. You give out that I am an Anarchist from America. Tell them that the doors will be locked to prevent police interference, and that there will be a barrel of beer. You can introduce me as a man from America, where they know as much about Anarchism in ten minutes as they do here in ten years. Tell them that I have spent my life in the study of explosives. I will have to make up a little, but you know that I am a very good amateur actor, and I don't think there will be any trouble about that. At the last you must tell them that you have an appointment and will leave me to amuse them for a couple of hours."

"But I don't see what good it is all going to do, though I am desperate," said Simkins, "and willing to try anything. I have thought some of firing off a bomb myself at an Anarchist meeting."

When the Friday night of meeting arrived, the large hall in Clement's Inn was filled to the doors. Those assembled there saw a platform at one end of the apartment, and a door that led from it to a room at the back of the hall. A table was on the platform, and boxes, chemical apparatus, and other scientific-looking paraphernalia were on it. At the hour of eight young Simkins appeared before the table alone.

"Fellow-Anarchists," he said, "you are all well aware that I am tired of the great amount of talk we do and the little action which follows it. I have been fortunate enough to secure the coöperation of an Anarchist from America, who will tell you something of the cause there. We have had the doors locked, and those who keep the keys are now down at the entrance of the Inn, so that if a fire should occur they can quickly come and let us out. There is no great danger of fire, however, but the interruption of the police must be guarded against very carefully. The windows, as you see, are shuttered and barred, and no ray of light can penetrate from this room outside. Until the lecture is over no one can leave the room, and by the same token no one can enter it, which is more to the purpose.

"My friend, Professor Josiah P. Slivers, has devoted his life to the chemistry of Anarchy, which is the title of this lecture. He will tell you of some important discoveries, which are now to be made known for the first time. I regret to say that the Professor is not in a very good state of health, because the line of life which he has adopted has its drawbacks. His left eye has been blown away by a premature explosion during his experiments. His left leg is also permanently disabled. His left arm, as you will notice, is in a sling, having been injured by a little disaster in his workshop since he came to London. He is a man, as you will see, devoted body and soul to the cause, so I hope you will listen to him attentively. I regret that I am unable to remain with you to-night, having other duties to perform which are imperative. I will, therefore, if you will permit me, leave by the back entrance after I have introduced the Professor to you."

At this moment the stumping of a wooden leg was heard, and those in the audience saw appear a man on a crutch, with one arm in a sling and a bandage over one eye, although he beamed upon them benevolently with the other.

"Fellow Anarchists," said Simkins, "allow me to introduce to you Professor Josiah P. Slivers of the United States."

The Professor bowed and the audience applauded. As soon as the applause began, the Professor held up his unmaimed arm and said, "Gentlemen, I beg that you will not applaud."

It seems the fashion in America to address all sorts and conditions of men as "Gentlemen." The Professor continued, "I have here some explosives so sensitive that the slightest vibration will cause them to go off, and I therefore ask you to listen in silence to what I have to say. I must particularly ask you also not to stamp on the floor."

Before these remarks were concluded Simkins had slid out by the back entrance, and somehow his desertion seemed to have a depressing effect upon the company, who looked upon the broken-up Professor with eyes of wonder and apprehension.

The Professor drew towards him one of the boxes and opened the lid. He dipped his one useful hand into the box, and, holding it aloft, he allowed something which looked like wet sawdust to drip through his fingers. "That, gentlemen," he said, with an air of the utmost contempt, "is what is known to the world as dynamite. I have nothing at all to say against dynamite. It has, in its day, been a very powerful medium through which our opinions have been imparted to a listening world, but its day is past. It is what the lumbering stage-coach is to the locomotive, what the letter is to the telegram, what the sailing vessel is to the steamship. It will be my pleasant duty to-night to exhibit to you an explosive so powerful and deadly that hereafter, having seen what it can accomplish, you will have nothing but derision for such simple and harmless compounds as dynamite and nitro-glycerine."

The Professor looked with kindly sympathy over his audience as he allowed the yellow mixture to slowly percolate through his fingers back into the box again. Ever and anon he took up a fresh handful and repeated the action.

The Anarchists in the audience exchanged uneasy glances one with the other.

"Yet," continued the Professor, "it will be useful for us to consider this substance for a few moments, if but for the purpose of comparison. Here," he said, diving his hand into another box and bringing up before their gaze a yellow brick, "is dynamite in a compressed form. There is enough here to wreck all this part of London, were it exploded. This simple brick would lay St. Paul's Cathedral in ruins; so, however antiquated dynamite may become, we must always look upon it with respect, just as we look upon reformers of centuries ago who perished for their opinions, even though their opinions were far behind what ours are now. I shall take the liberty of performing some experiments with this block of dynamite." Saying which, the Professor, with his free arm, flung the block of dynamite far down the aisle, where it fell on the floor with a sickening thud. The audience sprang from their seats and tumbled back one over the other. A wild shriek went up into the air, but the Professor gazed placidly on the troubled mob below him with a superior smile on his face. "I beg you to seat yourselves," he said; "and for reasons which I have already explained, I trust that you will not applaud any of my remarks. You have just now portrayed one of the popular superstitions about dynamite, and you show by your actions how necessary a lecture of this sort is in order that you may comprehend thoroughly the substance with which you have to deal. That brick is perfectly harmless, because it is frozen. Dynamite in its frozen state will not explode—a fact well understood by miners and all those who have to work with it, and who, as a rule, generally prefer to blow themselves to pieces trying to thaw the substance before a fire. Will you kindly bring that brick back to me, before it thaws out in the heated atmosphere of this room?"

One of the men stepped gingerly forward and picked up the brick, holding it far from his body, as he tiptoed up to the platform, where he laid it down carefully on the desk before the Professor.

"Thank you," said the Professor, blandly.

The man drew a long breath of relief as he went back to his seat.

"That is frozen dynamite," continued the Professor, "and is, as I have said, practically harmless. Now, it will be my pleasure to perform two startling experiments with the unfrozen substance," and with that he picked up a handful of the wet sawdust and flung it on a small iron anvil that stood on the table. "You will enjoy these experiments," he said, "because it will show you with what ease dynamite may be handled. It is a popular error that concussion will cause dynamite to explode. There is enough dynamite here to blow up this hall and to send into oblivion every person in it, yet you will see whether or not concussion will explode it." The Professor seized a hammer and struck the substance on the anvil two or three sharp blows, while those in front of him scrambled wildly back over their comrades, with hair standing on end. The Professor ceased his pounding and gazed reproachfully at them; then something on the anvil appeared to catch his eye. He bent over it and looked critically on the surface of the iron. Drawing himself up to his full height again, he said, "I was about to reproach you for what might have appeared to any other man as evidence of fear, but I see my mistake. I came very near making a disastrous error. I have myself suffered from time to time from similar errors. I notice now upon the anvil a small spot of grease; if my hammer had happened to strike there you would all now be writhing in your death-agonies under the ruins of this building. Nevertheless, the lesson is not without its value. That spot of grease is free nitro-glycerine that has oozed out from the dynamite. Therein rests, perhaps, the only danger in handling dynamite. As I have shown you, you can smash up dynamite on an anvil without danger; but if a hammer happened to strike a spot of free nitro-glycerine it would explode in a moment. I beg to apologize to you for my momentary neglect."

A man rose up in the middle of the hall, and it was some little time before he could command voice enough to speak, for he was shaking as if from palsy. At last he said, after he had moistened his lips several times:

"Professor, we are quite willing to take your word about the explosive. I think I speak for all my comrades here. We have no doubt at all about your learning, and would much prefer to hear from your own lips what you have to say on the subject, and not have you waste any more valuable time with experiments. I have not consulted with my comrades before speaking, but I think I voice the sense of the meeting." Cries of "You do! you do!" came from all parts of the hall. The Professor once more beamed upon them benevolently.

"Your confidence in me is indeed touching," he said; "but a chemical lecture without experiments is like a body without a soul. Experiment is the soul of research. In chemistry we must take nothing for granted. I have shown you how many popular errors have arisen regarding the substance with which we are dealing. It would have been impossible for these errors to have arisen if every man had experimented for himself; and although I thank you for the mark of confidence you have bestowed upon me, I cannot bring myself to deprive you of the pleasure which my experiments will afford you. There is another very common error, to the effect that fire will explode dynamite. Such, gentlemen, is not the case."

The Professor struck a match on his trousers-leg and lighted the substance on the anvil. It burnt with a pale bluish flame, and the Professor gazed around triumphantly at his fellow-Anarchists.

While the shuddering audience watched with intense fascination the pale blue flame, the Professor suddenly stooped over and blew it out. Straightening himself once more he said: "Again I must apologize to you, for again I have forgotten the small spot of grease. If the flame had reached the spot of nitro-glycerine it would have exploded, as you all know. When a man has his thoughts concentrated on one subject, he is apt to forget something else. I shall make no more experiments with dynamite. Here, John," he said to the trembling attendant, "take this box away, and move it carefully, for I see that the nitro-glycerine is oozing out. Put it as tenderly down in the next room as if it were a box of eggs."

As the box disappeared there was a simultaneous long-drawn sigh of relief from the audience.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Professor, "we come to the subject that ought to occupy the minds of all thoughtful men." He smoothed his hair complacently with the palm of his practicable hand, and smiled genially around him.

"The substance that I am about to tell you of is my own invention, and compares with dynamite as prussic acid does to new milk as a beverage." The Professor dipped his fingers in his vest-pocket and drew out what looked like a box of pills. Taking one pill out he placed it upon the anvil, and as he tiptoed back he smiled on it with a smile of infinite tenderness. "Before I begin on this subject I want to warn you once more that if any man as much as stamps upon the floor, or moves about except on tiptoe, this substance will explode, and will lay London from here to Charing Cross in one mass of indistinguishable ruins. I have spent ten years of my life in completing this invention. And these pills, worth a million a box, will cure all ills to which the flesh is heir.

"John," he said, turning to his attendant, "bring me a basin of water." The basin of water was gingerly placed upon the table, and the Professor emptied all the pills into it, picking up also the one that was on the anvil and putting it with the others.

"Now," he said, with a deep sigh, "we can breathe easier. A man can put one of these pills in a little vial of water, put the vial in his vest-pocket, go to Trafalgar Square, take the pill from the vial, throw it in the middle of the Square, and it will shatter everything within the four-mile radius, he himself having the glorious privilege of suffering instant martyrdom for the cause. People have told me that this is a drawback to my invention, but I am inclined to differ with them. The one who uses this must make up his mind to share the fate of those around him. I claim that this is the crowning glory of my invention. It puts to instant test our interest in the great cause. John, bring in very carefully that machine with the electric-wire attachment from the next room."

The machine was placed upon the table. "This," said the Professor, holding up some invisible object between his thumb and forefinger, "is the finest cambric needle. I will take upon the point of it an invisible portion of the substance I speak of." Here he carefully picked out a pill from the basin, and as carefully placed it upon the table, where he detached an infinitesimal atom of it and held it up on the point of the needle. "This particle," he said, "is so small that it cannot be seen except with the aid of a microscope. I will now place needle and all on the machine and touch it off with an electric current;" and as his hand hovered over the push-button there were cries of "Stop! stop!" but the finger descended, and instantly there was a terrific explosion. The very foundation seemed shaken, and a dense cloud of smoke rolled over the heads of the audience. As the Professor became visible through the thinning smoke, he looked around for his audience. Every man was under the benches, and groans came from all parts of the hall. "I hope," said the Professor, in anxious tones, "that no one has been hurt. I am afraid that I took up too much of the substance on the point of the needle, but it will enable you to imagine the effect of a larger quantity. Pray seat yourselves again. This is my last experiment."

As the audience again seated itself, another mutual sigh ascended to the roof. The Professor drew the chairman's chair toward him and sat down wiping his grimy brow.

A man instantly arose and said, "I move a vote of thanks to Professor Slivers for the interesting—"

The Professor raised his hand. "One moment," he said. "I have not quite finished. I have a proposal to make to you. You see that cloud of smoke hovering over our heads? In twenty minutes that smoke will percolate down through the atmosphere. I have told you but half of the benefits of this terrific explosive. When that smoke mixes with the atmosphere of the room it becomes a deadly poison. We all can live here for the next nineteen minutes in perfect safety, then at the first breath we draw we expire instantly. It is a lovely death. There is no pain, no contortion of the countenance, but we will be found here in the morning stark and stiff in our seats. I propose, gentlemen, that we teach London the great lesson it so much needs. No cause is without its martyrs. Let us be the martyrs of the great religion of Anarchy. I have left in my room papers telling just how and why we died. At midnight these sheets will be distributed to all the newspapers of London, and to-morrow the world will ring with our heroic names. I will now put the motion. All in favor of this signify it by the usual upraising of the right hand."

The Professor's own right hand was the only one that was raised.

"Now all of a contrary opinion," said the Professor, and at once every hand in the audience went up.

"The noes have it," said the Professor, but he did not seem to feel badly about it. "Gentlemen," he continued, "I see that you have guessed my second proposal, as I imagined you would, and though there will be no newspapers in London to-morrow to chronicle the fact, yet the newspapers of the rest of the world will tell of the destruction of this wicked city. I see by your looks that you are with me in this, my second proposal, which is the most striking thing ever planned, and is that we explode the whole of these pills in the basin. To make sure of this, I have sent to an agent in Manchester the full account of how it was done, and the resolutions brought forward at this meeting, and which doubtless you will accept.

"Gentlemen, all in favor of the instant destruction of London signify it in the usual manner."

"Mr. Professor," said the man who had spoken previously, "before you put that resolution I would like to move an amendment. This is a very serious proposal, and should not be lightly undertaken. I move as an amendment, therefore, that we adjourn this meeting to our rooms at Soho, and do the exploding there. I have some little business that must be settled before this grand project is put in motion."

The Professor then said, "Gentlemen, the amendment takes precedence. It is moved that this meeting be adjourned, so that you may consider the project at your club-rooms in Soho."

"I second that amendment," said fifteen of the audience rising together to their feet.

"In the absence of the regular chairman," said the Professor, "it is my duty to put the amendment. All in favor of the amendment signify it by raising the right hand."

Every hand was raised. "The amendment, gentlemen, is carried. I shall be only too pleased to meet you to-morrow night at your club, and I will bring with me a larger quantity of my explosive.

"John, kindly go round and tell the man to unlock the doors."

When Simkins and Slivers called round the next night at the regular meeting-place of the Anarchists, they found no signs of a gathering, and never since the lecture has the Soho Anarchist League been known to hold a meeting. The club has mysteriously dissolved.

* * *

THE NEW EVOLUTION.

By Washington Gladden.

FEW men of this generation have been called to a higher service than that which is now enlisting the powers of Professor Henry Drummond. To him it has been given, more fully, perhaps, than to any other thinker of our time, to express the old faith in the terms of the new science; to reconcile, in the popular apprehension, the convictions of the heart with the discoveries of the mind.

The book by which Professor Drummond first became known to the people of this country more than a dozen years ago, was, to some minds, quite disappointing. The presence of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was, indeed, clearly demonstrated in this volume, and various analogies between things physical and things spiritual were strikingly exhibited. To many readers the close relation of the two hemispheres of human life was brought home with new power. But the defect of the book was in the emphasis which it put upon physical forces. It left the impression that natural law had taken possession of the spiritual world, and that under the rule of determinism but little room was left for freedom. Whether any spiritual world was left, in the true meaning of the word, was an open question. The masterful physical analogies seemed to dominate the field of thought. For my own part, I have always felt that another book was needed to tell the other half of the story; and there lies before me a provisional table of contents on "Spiritual Law in the Natural World." That volume may not now be written. Professor Drummond has made it largely unnecessary. The substance of what I thought of saying has now been said by him in a far more effective way than I could have said it.

"The Ascent of Man" is published as "The Lowell Lectures." But, if I may judge from the single discourse which I heard, the lectures as printed have undergone careful revision. Much is added, many statements are qualified, some are dropped; the two concluding lectures of the course, on the Evolution of Society, have been omitted. The ascent of man is followed up to the evolution of the family; the higher ranges of attainment, in society and the state, lie outside the aim of this volume.

I am not going to give in this place a summary of the contents of this book, nor a criticism of its arguments. I would rather, if I could, consider it as one of the latest and most striking phenomena in the world of thought, and try to see what it signifies.

Within the lifetime of men who are not yet old, science and theology have found it hard to live together. Divorce on the ground of incompatibility has been constantly urged. There was trouble when the records of the rocks first began to be read; revelation was supposed to be flatly contradicted by these records; that geologists were under satanic influence was the suspicion of many. When the facts of the earth's crust were pointed to, men wanted to know whether mere secular phenomena were going to have the same standing in court as the Sacred Oracles. More than once, in my boyhood, I heard fairly intelligent men argue that the same God who created the fossil-bearing rocks could have manufactured the fossils also; and that the evidence of the age of the world, found in the strata, might have been put there for the testing of our faith. This line of defences was, of course, pretty speedily abandoned, and various reconciliations, more or less plausible, of Genesis with geology took the place of these foolhardy polemics.

On the appearance of Mr. Darwin's epoch-making volume on the "Origin of Species," the lists were again drawn, and the conflict of science with theology waxed hotter than ever. It was supposed that, by the new theory, all signs of purpose were obliterated from nature; that the old teleology was annihilated. Mr. Darwin was not himself to blame for any such conclusions; the last words of his famous book are familiar: "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on, according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been and are being evolved." But while the great naturalist was cautious in his treatment of the question of origins, many of his followers were less modest; and atheistic conclusions were freely drawn, by utterly illogical processes, from the facts disclosed in the study of evolution. On the side of the theologians, also, many unnecessary inferences were extracted from the Darwinian hypothesis, and the hostility of the theory of evolution to religious faith was vehemently affirmed. There have always been evolutionists who disclaimed this hostility, and theologians who were willing to accept evolution as the method of creation; but the possibility of harmonizing the new doctrine with the old faith has been strongly questioned by many fair-minded men.

Not religion alone, but morality as well, found precarious footing among the evolutionary theories. The struggle for existence seems to be a wholly immoral procedure, and natural selection has no ethical content. Before Mr. Darwin's voice was heard, one of the great theologians of this generation sang of the faith of man:

"Who *trusted* God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law,
Though nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravin, shrieked against his creed."

And John Stuart Mill, in his "Essays on Religion," vehemently declared that the strife and savagery of nature made it certain that God must be wanting either in power or in goodness. The doctrine of natural selection emphasized this strife—made it, indeed, the condition of progress. Hence arises a dilemma. Either nature is fundamentally and radically immoral, or else the essence of morality is egoism. If evolution is the method of creation, if evolution explains the order and progress of the universe, and if the principle of evolution is simply the struggle for existence, then might is right, and the maxim of Robin Hood is the rule of life. Here and there a thorough-going evolutionist has marched straight up to this conclusion. "Right," says Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, "is transfigured might." To the question, "Suppose the many, finding themselves poor, take it into their heads to expropriate the few, what then?" Mr. Donisthorpe replies, "Well, why not? If it can be shown that the robbery of the rich can be effected, and effected with advantage to the poor, I cannot see, for the life of me, why it should not be done. It is contrary to morality? But, unfortunately, highfaluting abstractions butter no parsnips. Besides, I deny it. Morality is co-extensive with self-interest. If anybody denies that, he is wrong. It is rude and dogmatic for me to say so, but it is a short answer, and I am not going to discuss the first principles of ethics here. I repeat, emphatically, if the poor and many can see their way to dispossess the rich and few, and to reap advantage from the process, they have a right and a duty to do it." *

This is not the fulmination of a professional anarchist; it is the reasoned judgment of an evolutionary philosopher, who accepts the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest as the method of nature, and proposes to adjust his conduct to the same law.

Some of the evolutionary philosophers recoil from this conclusion. That such is the method of nature they are constrained to admit; but they cannot bring themselves to copy this method. Mr. Huxley has recently been wrestling with this problem. "The moral indifference of nature" is a phrase not strong enough to relieve his mind; "the unfathomable injustice of the nature of things" is more adequate. "For his successful progress as far as the savage state, man has been largely indebted to those qualities which he shares with the ape and the tiger." After ascending to this level, "for thousands and thousands of years, before the origin of the oldest known civilizations, men were savages of a very low type. They strove with their enemies and their competitors; they preyed upon things weaker or less cunning than themselves; they were born, multiplied without stint, and died, for thousands of generations, alongside the mammoth, the urus, the lion, and the hyena, whose lives were spent in the same way; and they were no more to be praised or blamed, on moral grounds, than their less erect and more hairy compatriots. . . . Life was a continual free fight, and, beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family, the Hobbesian war of each against all was the normal state of existence. The human species, like others, plashed and floundered amid the general scheme of evolution, keeping its head above water as best it might, and thinking neither of whence nor whither." This does not suggest to Mr. Huxley, as it does to Mr. Donisthorpe, the proper regimen for human beings at the present day. Mr. Huxley regards it with abhorrence; he thinks it the business of civilized man to find for his conduct a higher law. "Social progress," he says, "means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process: the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which exist, but of those who are ethically the best." Thus Mr. Huxley repudiates the evolutionary methods as hostile to morality. Natural selection wrought wonders for the sub-human world; but there is no guidance in that lower nature for man's conduct; man must hasten to unlearn all that nature has taught him. "Evolutionary ethics" is to Mr. Huxley a contradiction in terms.

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* "Individualism," p. 257.

Substantially the same view is taken by Mr. Benjamin Kidd in his striking new book on "Social Evolution." The struggle for life, he says, is the method of nature, and the method of nature must furnish the dictate of reason. "The interests of the social organism, and those of the individuals comprising it at any time, are actually antagonistic; they can never be reconciled; they are inherently and essentially irreconcilable." It is natural and rational that the hand of every man should be against his neighbor; yet coherent society requires an altruistic foundation, and, therefore, some means must be found of inducing men to do what is unnatural and irrational. The existing social order, with its continuous improvement of human conditions, is ultra-rational, supernatural; it is due to a great fund of altruistic feeling which Christianity has generated and diffused.

Thus it becomes evident that evolution, *as heretofore interpreted*, will not explain all the facts of human life. It does not explain the moral law. It undermines morality. From the camp of the evolutionists themselves come these powerful testimonies to its ethical inadequacy. "Cosmic nature," says Mr. Huxley, "is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature."

And yet it is evident that the evolutionary philosophy is the only philosophy of this generation. The principle of continuity which underlies it dominates modern thought; the unity which it offers us satisfies our reason. And there begins to dawn upon the theological mind the idea that a continuous progress is better proof of God than a series of interventions and cataclysms. "If God," says our author, "is only to be left to the gaps in our knowledge, where shall we be when these gaps are filled up? And if they are never to be filled up, is God only to be found in the disorders of the world? Those who yield to the temptation to reserve a point here and there for special divine interposition are apt to forget that this virtually excludes God from the rest of the process. If God appears periodically, He disappears periodically. If He comes upon the scene at special crises, He is absent from the scene in the intervals. Whether is all-God or occasional-God the nobler theory? Positively, the idea of an immanent God, which is the God of evolution, is infinitely grander than the occasional wonder-worker who is the god of an old theology."

Such is the nature of the problem presented by the evolutionary theories. I have taken some pains to state the problem, in order that Professor Drummond's contribution towards its solution might be better understood. That his solution is wholly adequate I am not able to pronounce. The biologists and the philosophers and the theologians must settle it. Some things are here which I do not fully understand. But it seems to me that the truth must lie in the direction in which his logic leads.

The sentences just quoted show how hearty is Professor Drummond's acceptance of evolution as the method of creation. The first half of the book consists in a restatement, in popular language, of the doctrine of evolution as applied to the ascent of man. Nothing could be more felicitous than this exposition. It is the very perfection of popular scientific instruction. In this writing, as in everything that Professor Drummond has written, the simplicity, the directness, the transparency of style have something more than a literary value, they are revelations of character. One cannot read without seeing before him the erect but slender frame, and the clear-cut physiognomy; the quiet manner, with no trace of affectation, and the unstrained distinctness of articulation, are reproduced in our memory as we follow these crisp sentences. Especially is one reminded of the charm of Professor Drummond's speaking when he reads the following from the chapter on "The Evolution of Language": "There are, doubtless, exceptions, but it is probably the rule, that gestures are mainly called in to supplement expression when the subject matter of discourse does not belong to the highest ranges of thought, or the speaker to the loftiest type of oratory." There is nothing here which requires the sawing of the air or the pounding of the cushion; but there is in every sentence a freshness, a vitality, and a conviction which enchain thought. The chapters on "The Ascent of the Body," "The Scaffolding Left in the Body," "The Arrest of the Body," "The Dawn of Mind," and "The Evolution of Language," present, in terms which even ordinary minds cannot fail to grasp, the salient facts respecting the development of the human species.

"Beyond an attempted readjustment of the accents," says Professor Drummond, "there is nothing here for the specialist, except, it may be, the reflection of his own work. Nor, apart from teleology, is there anything for the theologian." But the exceptions are significant. Destinies depend on accents. In chemistry a little more of this and a little less of that turns a poison into a cordial. The readjustment of the accents appears to have been precisely the service required in evolutionary philosophy.

It is "the missing factor in current theories" which Professor Drummond seeks to supply. The factor is not quite accurately described as missing; its existence has been doubtfully recognized by many writers; even Mr. Spencer has furtively toyed with it; but the part that it has played has been inconspicuous. Professor Drummond has given it a rank and an importance which most evolutionists have not accorded it. The neglected factor is altruism.

The motive force of the whole evolutionary process has been supposed to be the struggle for life. Mr. Drummond insists that, from the foundations of the world, the struggle for the life of others has been going on beside the struggle for life; that the one movement is as much the law of nature as the other; that they are equally primordial, equally productive; and that the attempt to construe evolution in terms of the one, ignoring or slighting the other, must result in grievous and fatal error. Of all this vast secular progress the key-word has been assumed to be strife. But this teacher declares that there is another word which was spoken in the beginning, in the dawn of the creation, when the morning stars first sang together, and which has been sounding ever since in ears that were not too dull to hear, and that word is love.

"Love is not a late arrival, an afterthought, with creation. It is not a novelty of a romantic civilization. It is not a pious word of religion. Its roots began to grow with the first cell of life which budded on this earth. How great it is the history of humanity bears witness; but how old it is and how solid, how bound up with the very constitution of the world, how from the first of time an eternal part of it, we are only now beginning to perceive. . . . The first chapter or two of the story of evolution may be headed the Struggle for Life; but take the book as a whole and it is not a tale of battle. It is a love-story. . . . The truth is, there are two struggles for life in every living thing—the struggle for life and the struggle for the life of others. The web of life is woven upon a double set of threads, the second thread distinct in color from the first, and giving a totally different pattern to the finished fabric. As the whole aspect of the after-world depends on the distinction of strands in the warp, it is necessary to grasp the distinction with the utmost clearness. . . . The struggle for the life of others is the physiological name for the greatest word of ethics — otherism, altruism, love. From selfism to otherism is the supreme transition of history. It is therefore impossible to lodge in the mind with too much solidity the simple biological fact on which the altruistic struggle rests. . . . When we dissect down to that form of matter with which all life is associated, we find it already discharging, in the humblest organisms visible by the microscope, the function on which the stupendous superstructure of altruism indirectly comes to rest. Take the tiniest protoplasmic cell, immerse it in a suitable medium, and presently it will perform two great acts—the two which sum up life, which constitute the eternal distinction between the living and the dead—nutrition and reproduction. At one moment, in pursuance of the struggle for life, it will call in matter from without, and assimilate it to itself; at another moment, in pursuance of the struggle for the life of others, it will set a portion of that matter apart, add to it, and finally give it away to form another life. Even at its dawn life is receiver and giver; even in protoplasm is selfism and otherism. These two tendencies are not fortuitous. They have been lived into existence. They are not grafts on the tree of life; they are its nature, its essential life. They are not painted on the canvas, but woven through it.

"To begin at the most remote circumference, consider what the world owes to-day to the struggle for the life of others in the world of plants. . . . All the arrangements in plant life which concern the flower are the creations of the struggle for the life of others. For reproduction alone the flower is created; when the process is over it returns to the dust. This miracle of beauty is a miracle of love. Its splendor of color, its variegations, its symmetry, its perfume, its honey, its very texture, are all notes of love—love-calls or love-lures or love-provisions for the insect world, whose aid is needed to carry the pollen from anther to stigma, and perfect the development of its young. Yet this is but a thing thrown in, in giving something else. The flower, botanically, is the herald of the fruit. The fruit, botanically, is the cradle of the seed. Consider how great these further achievements are, how large a place in the world's history is filled by these two humble things—the fruits and seeds of plants. Without them the struggle for life itself would almost cease. The animal struggle for life is a struggle for what? For fruits and seeds. All animals in the long run depend for food upon fruits and seeds, or upon lesser creatures which have utilized fruits and seeds. Three-fourths of the populations of the world at the present moment subsist upon rice. What is rice? It is a seed, a product of reproduction. Of the other fourth, three-fourths live upon grains—barley, wheat, oats, millet. What are these grains? Seeds, stores of starch or albumen, which, in the perfect forethought of reproduction, plants bequeath to their offspring. The foods of the world, especially the children's foods, are the food of the children of plants, the foods which unselfish activities store around the cradles of the helpless, so that when the sun wakens them to their new world they may not want. Every plant in the world lives for others. It sets aside something, something costly, cared for, the highest expression of its nature. The seed is the tithe of love, the tithe which nature renders to man. When man lives upon seeds he lives upon love. Literally, scientifically, love is life. If the struggle for life has made man, braced and disciplined him, it is the struggle for love that sustains him.

"Retrace the ground even thus hastily travelled over, and see how full creation is of meaning, of anticipation, of good for man, how far back begins the undertone of love. Remember that nearly all the beauty of the world is love beauty—the corolla of the flower and the plume of the grass, the lamp of the fire-fly, the plumage of the bird, the horn of the stag, the face of a woman; that nearly all the music of the natural world is love music—the song of the nightingale, the call of the mammal, the chorus of the insect, the serenade of the lover; that nearly all the foods of the world are love foods—the date and the raisin, the banana and the bread fruit, the locust and the honey, the eggs, the grain, the seeds, the cereals, and the legumes; that all the drinks of the world are love drinks—the juices of the sprouting grain and the withered hop, the milk from the udder of the cow, the wine from the love-cup of the vine. Remember that the family, the crown of all higher life, is the creation of love; that coöperation, which means power, which means business, which, therefore, means art and culture, recreation and education, is the gift of love. Remember not only these things, but the diffusions of feeling which accompany them, the elevations, the ideals, the happiness, the goodness and the faith in more goodness, and ask if it is not a world of love in which we live" (pp. 217–232).

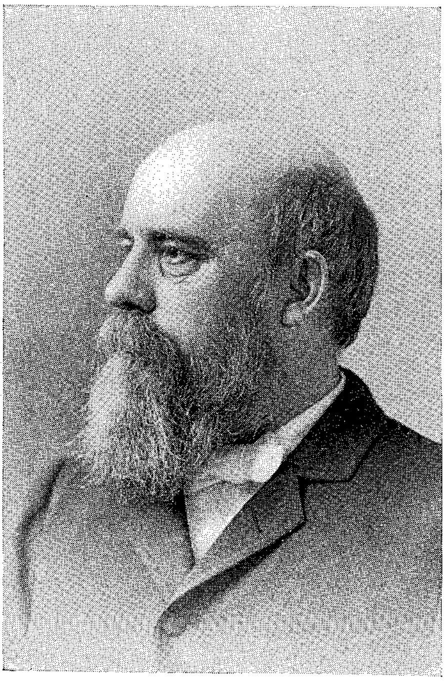
It must not be supposed that in this presentation the other factor—which in the current theories is the only factor—is ignored. The chapter entitled "The Struggle for Life" is one of the strongest in the book. That the gains of evolution are largely due to this principle is made very plain. An attempt is made to relieve the struggle of some of its apparent harshness, and to show its consistency with infinite wisdom and love, but the fact of its existence is not blinked. "That a price, a price in pain, and assuredly sometimes a very terrible price, has been paid for the evolution of the world, after all is said, is certain. There may be difference of opinion as to the amount of this price, but on one point there can be no dispute, that even at the highest estimate the thing which was bought with it was none too dear. For that thing was nothing less than the present progress of the world. The struggle for life has been a victorious struggle; it has succeeded in its stupendous task, and there is nothing of order or beauty or perfection in living nature that does not owe something to its having been carried on. The first duty of those who demur to the cost of progress is to make sure that they comprehend, in all its richness, the infinity of the gift that this sacrifice has purchased for humanity. The end of the struggle for life is not battle; it is not even victory; it is evolution. Nature is a vast and complicated system of devices to keep things changing, adjusting, and, as it seems, progressing. The struggle for life is a species of necessitated aspiration, the *vis a tergo* which keeps living things in motion. It does not follow, of course, that that motion should be upward; that is dependent on other considerations. But the point to mark is that without the struggle for food and the pressure of want, without the conflict with foes and the challenge of climate, the world would be left to stagnation. Change, adventure, temptation, vicissitude, even to the verge of calamity, these are the life of the world" (pp. 205, 206).

At one or two points we are left in some doubt as to whether Professor Drummond expects the struggle for life to continue. The notion that egoism is to be finally supplanted by altruism, which some modern teachers are popularizing, will gain support from an occasional sentence. But this theory is not supported by a more careful reading. The whole truth is outlined in the following sentences:

"The struggle for life, as life's dynamic, can never wholly cease. In the keenness of its energy, the splendor of its stimulus, its bracing effect on character, its wholesome tension throughout the whole range of action, it must remain with us to the end. But in the virulence of its animal qualities it must surely pass away. There are those who, without reflecting on this qualitative change, would govern society by the merely animal struggle—those who claim for this the sanction of nature, and lay down the principle of selfishness as the eternally working law. The eternal law, as we shall presently see, is unselfishness. But even the selfishness of early nature loses its sting with time; the self that is in it becomes a higher self, and the world in which it acts is so much a better world that if self gave full rein to the animal it would be instantly extinguished."

What we may hope for is, that the constantly enlarging perception of the supremacy of spiritual forces, and the organic identity of human interests, will bring men, by and by, to a height of experience at which the self-affirmation which is the vital core of egoism, and the self-impartation which is the essence of altruism, shall be joined together, "like perfect music unto noble words," and we shall know by heart the meaning of the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

When we say that otherism is found in the very beginnings of life, it is not, of course, imagined that we can put the whole ethical content of what we now know as unselfishness or self-sacrifice into those formal movements of protoplasm or protozoa. Love in its full spiritual meaning is not there; but no more is hate or strife. It is an error to interpret anything sub-human in terms of benevolence, and it is equally an error to interpret it in terms of malevolence. The movements on this plane are unconscious, and, of course, unmoral. But what may be claimed is that the foundations of altruism are as deeply imbedded in the nature of things as are the foundations of egoism. Even Mr. Spencer has said that "self-sacrifice is no less primordial than self-preservation"; and that, "from the dawn of life, egoism has been dependent upon altruism, as altruism has been dependent upon egoism." (Data of Ethics, Chapter XII.) This is the truth which Mr. Drummond's exposition clears and illuminates with such a wealth of illustration. It is not too much to say that his interpretation, where it is accepted, will put a very different face upon life from that which the current evolutionary studies have tended to give it. It is a change of accent, merely; but its significance is vast.


DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

To Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, taking his cue from

> "Dragons of the prime
> That tare each other in their slime,"

and crying out that "right is transfigured might," this deeper wisdom makes answer that it is love, in the very heart of nature, that has wrought the transfiguration. To Mr. Huxley and Mr. Kidd, acknowledging that nature is unmoral, and that evolution has no instrument but strife, the counsel comes from these pages to go back and study their biology a little more carefully, with minds open to the diviner lessons that nature is teaching them. "The struggle for life," replies Professor Drummond to Mr. Kidd, "is not 'the supreme fact up to which biology has slowly advanced.' It is the fact to which Darwin advanced; but if biology had been thoroughly consulted it could not have given so maimed an account of itself. The other coördinate factor is there, and when we make due account of it our whole estimate of the meaning of life undergoes a radical change."

The significance of this interpretation of nature cannot be exaggerated. If this is a substantially true account of the direction of those streams of tendency by means of which life is being brought to its perfection here, then we have a good foundation for morality. Surely our ethical doctrine must be in harmony with the nature of things. The teaching that leaves a bottomless chasm between what is natural and what is right confounds our reason. But if we are permitted to believe with Professor Drummond that the morality of nature is not simply the stark and fierce morality of strife, but that good-will and helpfulness have been essential elements of it from the beginning, the sanctions of the higher law will be mightily strengthened. When we bid men love their neighbors as themselves, it will not be possible for them to turn upon us with the dictum that the rule will not work; that individualism is the only law that nature recognizes. When we urge that good-will must be inseparably joined with self-regard in all our industrial and social enterprises, they cannot answer that the counsel is visionary; for we can show them that it has been the law of all life from the beginning. Some of us have long been urging that the principle of coöperation must somehow be brought into industrial society, to mitigate the strifes arising from competition. The answer of the multitude has been that the scheme was impracticable; that natural law, which is the law of competition, was the only regulative principle in economics. But now comes a student of evolution, who tells us that "the matter of the earth is built up of coöperating atoms; it owes its existence, its motion, and its stability to coöperating stars. Plants and animals are made up of coöperating cells; nations of coöperating men. Nature makes no move, society achieves no end, the Cosmos advances not one step, that is not dependent on coöperation; and while the discords of the world disappear with growing knowledge, science only reveals with increasing knowledge the universality of its reciprocities." If such is the law even of the lower nature, it seems not altogether quixotic to believe that there must be room in human nature and in industrial society for a large infusion of altruistic purpose, and for a liberal application of the coöperative principle. If this book proves anything, it proves that those forms of social organization which give free play to unselfish motive will survive, and that those which do not will perish. Such is the message which the preacher brings to this generation. It appears to be a timely message, and I believe that it is true.

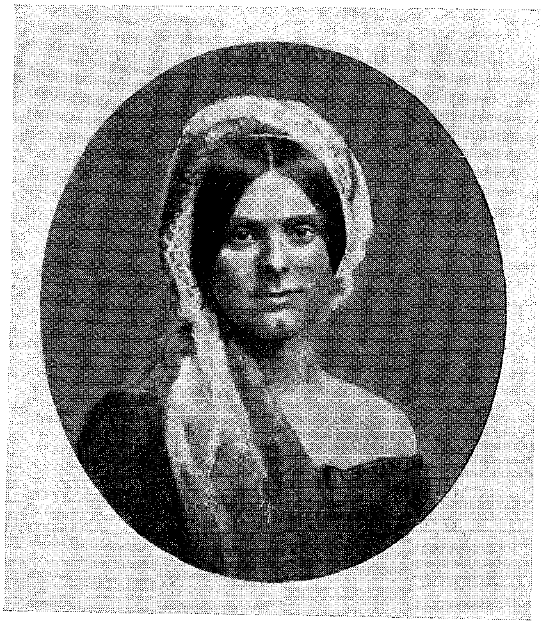
"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

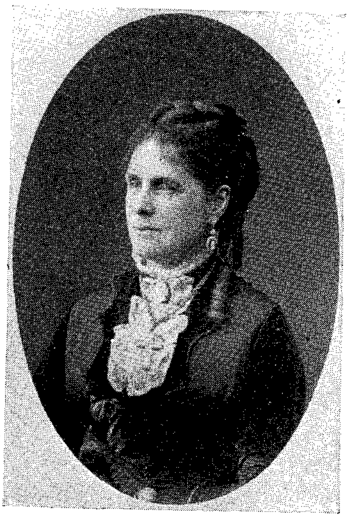
Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton began her literary career at the exceptionally early age of fifteen, when she contributed to the periodicals under the name of "Ellen Louise." At nineteen she had published a book, and a very successful one too. "This, That, and the Other" was its title—a book of stories, essays, and poems. She was born April 5, 1835, at Pomfret, Connecticut. In 1855 she was married to William A. Moulton, a Boston publisher, and Boston has been her home ever since. From there she wrote for a long time periodical letters to the "New York Tribune." She has spent much time in Europe, however, especially in London and Paris, whence also she wrote newspaper letters. She has been a frequent contributor to the best magazines, and she has followed up her early volume with a novel—"James Clifford," published anonymously in 1854—several books of stories, several books of poems, and a book of travels. Though she has won her widest reading through her newspaper letters and her stories, she has secured her highest standing as a poet.

At this season, thirteen years ago, the then President of the United States, James A. Garfield, was hanging between life and death from the wound inflicted by Guiteau. He was shot on the morning of July 2d. He lay at the White House until September 6th, when he was taken to Elberon, New Jersey, and there he died on September 19th. There has been no President whose career offered more points of interest than Garfield's. It was a brave conquest of difficulties from the outset, and its final triumphs included not only the high political station to which self-made men have quite often attained, but also a perfection of scholarship and culture which, as a rule, is possible only to those who are somewhat favored of fortune. Thus the story of Garfield's boyhood and early manhood is quite as interesting as that of his later and more public life, and a series of portraits like the one here presented, which brings into reality the ardent young student and teacher, must have a special significance. Garfield never became an old man; he was still two months short of fifty when he died, having been born November 19, 1831.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



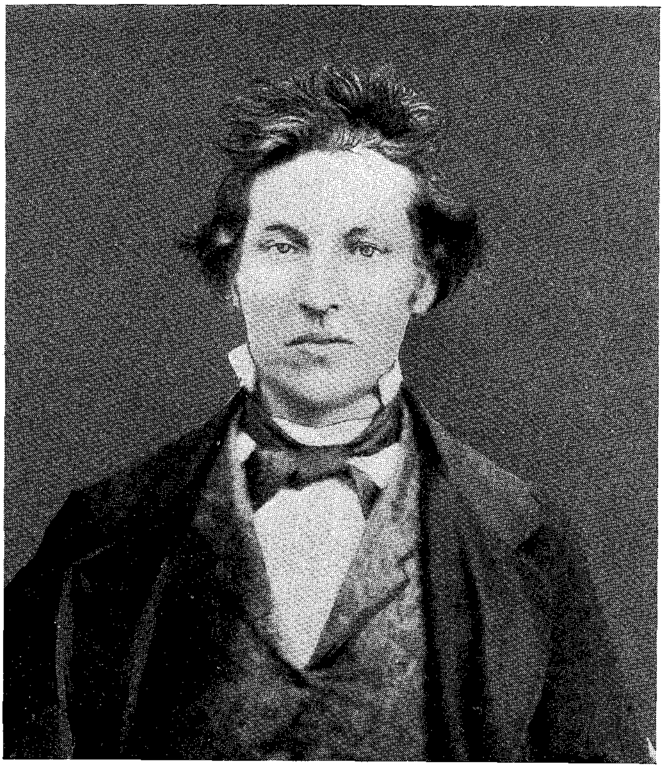
FROM AN EARLY MINIATURE.



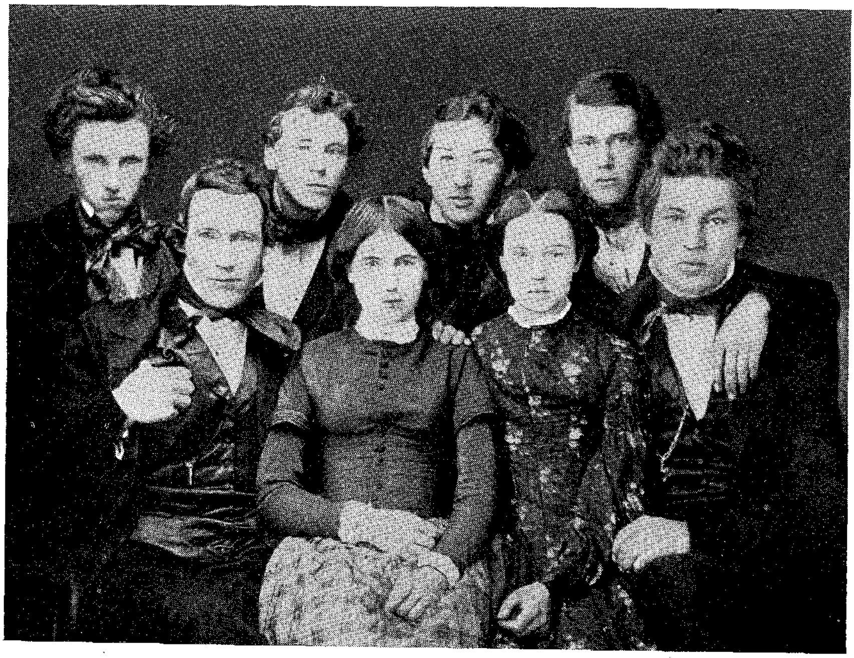
AGE 41. 1876.

AGE 45. 1880.

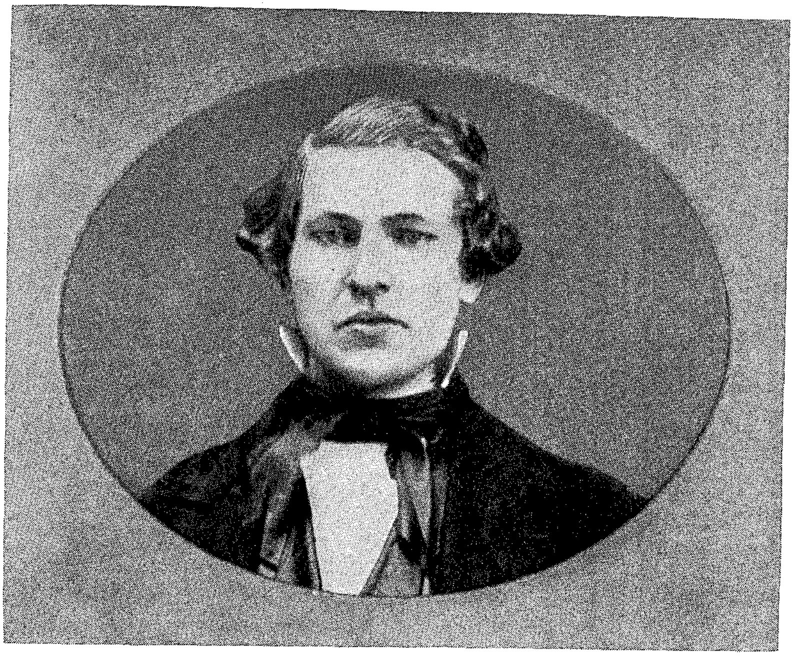
MRS. MOULTON AT THE PRESENT TIME. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, LONDON.



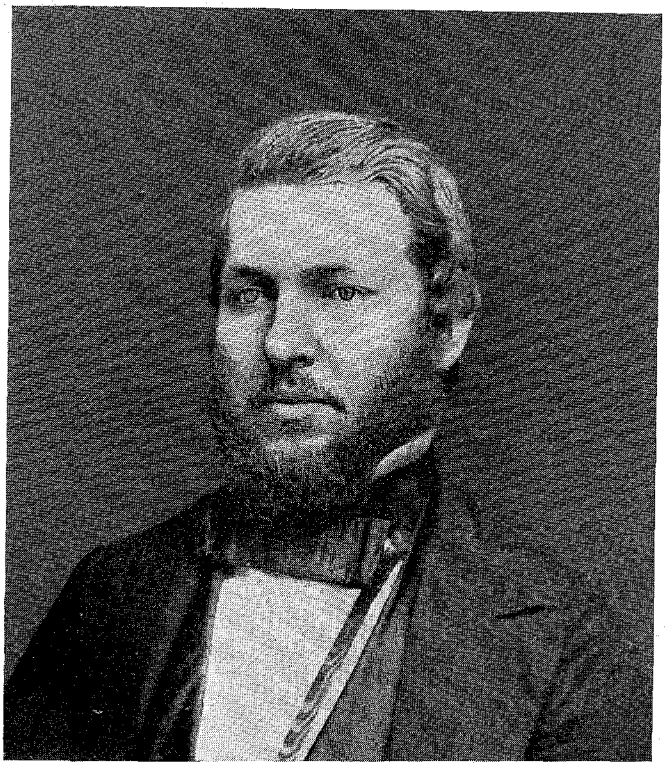
AGE 17. 1848. GARFIELD AS A CANAL BOY.



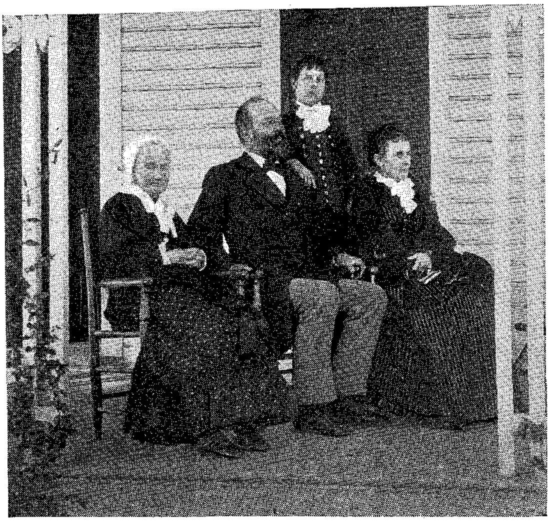
AGE 22. 1854. AS A STUDENT AT HIRAM COLLEGE. GARFIELD SITS AT THE RIGHT, AND NEXT TO HIM IS LUCRETIA RUDOLPH, AFTERWARDS HIS WIFE.



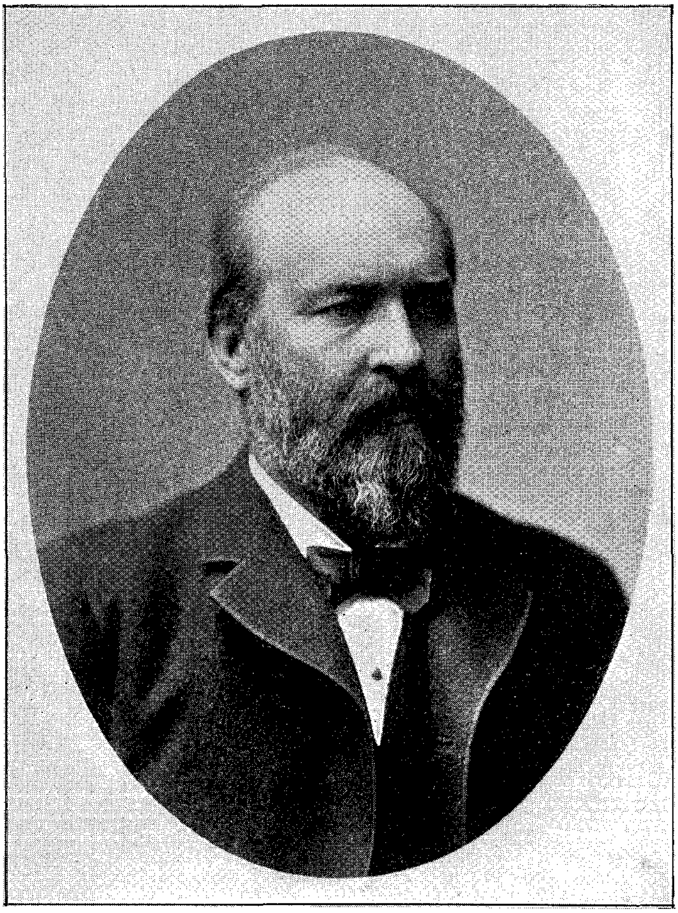
GARFIELD AS A STUDENT IN WILLIAMS COLLEGE, 1854-56.



AGE 27. 1858. GARFIELD AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE. HE WAS THEN PRESIDENT OF HIRAM COLLEGE.



GARFIELD WITH HIS MOTHER, WIFE, AND DAUGHTER. 1880. AGE 48. FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH.



GARFIELD TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT, MARCH 2, 1881. AGE 49. HIS LAST SITTING.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

THE DEATH RUN.

BY CY WARMAN.

ALONG in the early eighties, when the Denver and Rio Grande was a narrow-gauge road, and the main line lay across the great divide at Marshall Pass, there was a wreck in the Black Cañon, and of that wreck I write.

So rough and impenetrable was this cañon that the men sent out to blaze the trail were unable to get through. Engineers, with their instruments, were let down from the top of the cañon wall, hundreds of feet, by long ropes, and to this day, if you look up when the train goes round "Dead Man's Curve," you will see a frayed-out rope whipping the gray rocks, five hundred feet above the river and the rail.

By the breaking of this rope a human life was lost: the first of many lives that have been lost in this wild cañon. In the rush and hurry to complete the road, little attention was given to sloping the cuts or making it safe for the men who ride ahead. So, when spring came, and the snow began to melt on the mountains and moisten the earth, great pieces of "scenery" would loose their hold upon the steep hill and sweep down the side of the cañon, carrying rails, roadbed, in fact everything but the right of way, across the river, where the land-slide was often landed high and dry on the opposite shore.

So often was the "scenery" shifted during the first twelve months, that the night run through the Black Cañon, so wildly beautiful by day, so grand and awful by night, came to be called the "Death Run."

It was Engineer Peasley's run out that night, but he had just returned from the stony little graveyard that had been staked out on the banks of the Gunnison, where they had buried his baby. He was a delicate-looking man, and when he came into the round-house that afternoon to register off, he wore his soft hat far down over his inflamed eyes, as if he would hide from the world any trace of that sacred grief. Kipp, his fireman, saw him, and was sorry, for he knew how dearly the driver had loved the little one now lost to him. Sliding from the pilot, where he had been scouring the number-plate, Kipp went to the book and registered off also.

And so it happened that, when Number Seven left Gunnison at a quarter past nine, Jack Walsh held the seat, and fireman McConnell handled the scoop. The sharp exhausts from the straight stack sent up a solid stream of fire as they hurried out through the yards.

The brisk bark of the bounding engine dwindled down to a faint pant, and was drowned in the roar of the wheels, as the long train hurried away down the valley, and was swallowed up in the Black Cañon. The run was regarded as a difficult one, but the extra crew were equal to it, and at every station up to half-past eleven the operator wired the despatcher, the despatcher the train-master, and he the superintendent: "Number Seven on time."

Although he had no regular run, McConnell was really an old fireman. He had but recently returned to the road after a year's absence. At the earnest solicitation of his good mother he had left the rail to return to his father's farm near Salina, Kansas. He was a good and dutiful son, and he loved his mother as only such a son can love; but he could not help the longing within him to return to the road. That summer the Missouri Pacific opened a new line right through his father's farm, and every day he heard the snort of the iron horse, saw the trains go up and down the track, saw the enginemen throwing kisses to the girls on the farm, and he wanted to return to the Rockies. More than once every day he looked away to the west, where he knew the trains were going up and down; where the snow lay in great drifts on one side of the track, and the flowers bloomed by the other. Who can say how the heart of the engineman longs for the engine?

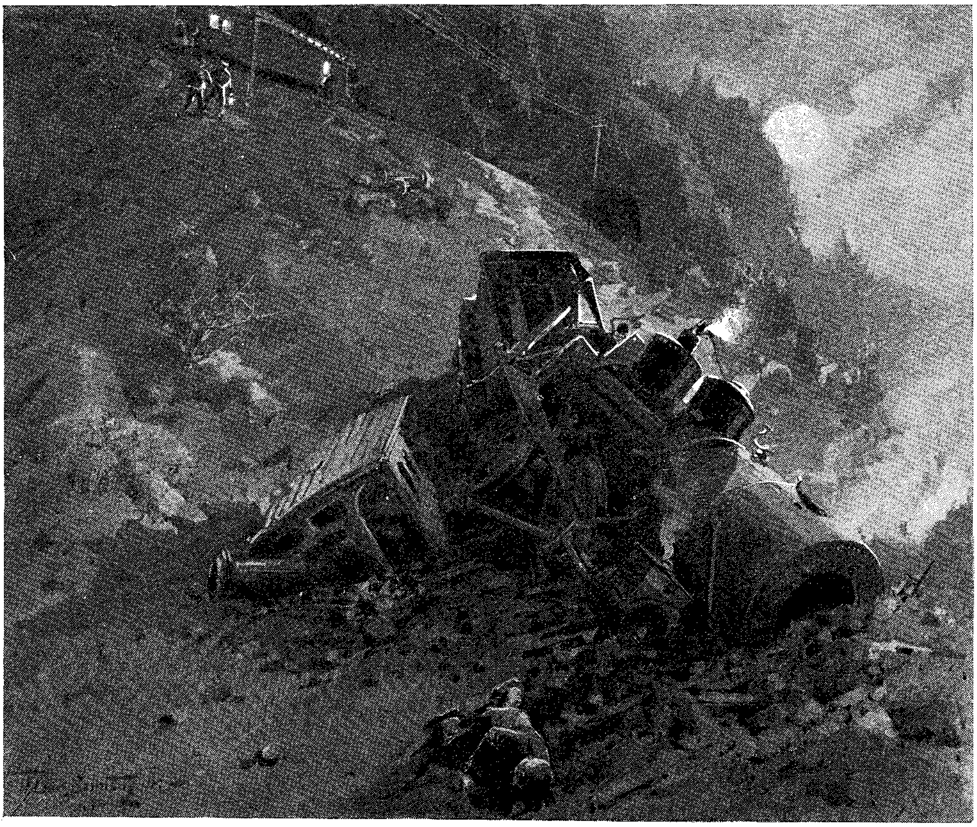
> He loves the locomotive
>   As the flowers love the lea,
> As the song-birds love the sunlight,
>   As the sailor loves the sea.

When the harvest had been cut and the golden grain garnered, the restless youth bade his parents adieu, and set his face toward the sunset. He had been a faithful fireman, and found no trouble in reëstablishing himself in the service of the "Scenic" Line.

The Death Run was a long one: one hundred and thirty-five miles over mountains and through cañons. They had crossed Cero summit, and were now roaring along the cañon, by the banks of the beautiful river.

The night grew warmer as they drifted down toward the valley of the Grande. The engineer sat silently in his place, trying the water, whistling for stations, and watching the way. The fireman, having little to do now, lounged in the open window and looked out on the rippling river where the moonlight lay. It was almost midnight when the operator at Roubideau was awakened by the wild wail of the west-bound express. As the long train rattled over the bridge beyond the little station, the operator reached for the key and made the wire say: "Number Seven on time."

Beyond the bridge there was a bit of a tangent, a few hundred yards, and when they turned into it the fireman got down from his comfortable seat to fix the fire.



The driver released the brakes at the bridge, and the train was now increasing her speed at every turn of the wheels. Looking ahead, the engineer saw the open mouth of Roubideau tunnel, which, being on the shadow side of the hill, looked like a great hole in the night. Nearer the engine he saw a number of dark objects scattered about. In another second he discerned what these were, and realized an awful danger. As he reversed the engine and applied the air, he shouted to the fireman to jump. He might have jumped himself, for he saw the danger first, but no such thought came to him. In another second the pilot was ploughing through a herd of cattle that were sleeping on the track. If they had all been standing, he would have opened the throttle and sent them flying into the river with less risk to his train; but they were lying down, and as they rolled under the wheels, they lifted the great engine from the rails and threw her down the dump at the very edge of the river. So well had the faithful engineer performed his work that the train was stopped without wrecking a car. Many of the passengers were not awakened. The trainmen came forward and found the engineer. He was able to speak to them; he knew what had happened, and knew that he had but a few minutes to live. These brave, rough men of the rail never hide anything from each other, and when he asked for his fireman, they told him the fireman was dead.

As he lay there in the moonlight, with his head resting in the conductor's lap, while the brakeman brought a cup from the mail-car and gave him a drink of water, he told them where he wanted to be buried—back East somewhere; spoke of his insurance policy; left a loving message for his wife; and then, as if he had nothing more to say or do, closed his eyes, folded his hands over his brave heart, and without a murmur — apparently without pain— died.

It was many hours before they found the fireman. When the crash came, he was standing in front of the furnace door. The tank doubled forward and forced him up against the boiler-head, where, if he had not been killed instantly, he must have been slowly roasted. He lay in the wreck so long that, when they got him out, there was a deep and ugly groove across his face, where he had lain against the narrow edge of the throttle lever. Save this deep furrow there were no marks upon his face. But that one mark remained, even after the body was embalmed.

The writer was, at that time, employed by the same company, in a similar capacity, and was sent out to the wreck to take charge of the body of the fireman, bring it to Denver, and then take it back to the farm at Salina. The travelling engineer went out with a special engine and the superintendent's private car, and I went with him.

It is not a pleasant task to deliver the dead to bereaved relatives; but it is the least that can be done, and some one must do it. The engine left the track precisely at midnight, Friday night, and it was not until the afternoon of the following Tuesday that I reached Salina.

There had been six children in this happy family, three boys and three girls. The eldest son was a locomotive engineer, but he had left the road for good, and was now with the family at the Kansas farm.

"How does he look?" asked the engineer, when we had taken seats in the farm carriage. "Can mother see him?"

"He looks very well," said I; and then remembering that ugly furrow in his face, "but would it not be better for all of you to remember him just as he left home?"

"I shall leave that all to you," he said, while the hot tears fairly rained down upon the lap-robe that covered our knees.

When we reached the McConnell place, and I went into the house where the family were all assembled in the large plain parlor, there was no need of an introduction. They all knew me, and knew why I had come, and when they crowded about me, all weeping so bitterly, I felt that I could not hold out much longer myself. I did better than I had expected, however, until I attempted to talk, when the tears came up in my throat and choked me. So, with a little brother on one knee, a little sister on the other, while the two young ladies were sobbing by the window, and the brave young engineer was trying between his tears to calm his mother, I gave way and wept with the rest.

When we had all gained the little relief that always comes with a shower of tears, the mother began to talk to me and ask questions. To begin with, she asked me if I could tell her exactly when her boy was killed.

"Last Friday night," I said.

"What time?" she asked, glancing at her two daughters, who had turned from the window, and were trying to dry their eyes.

"Almost exactly at midnight," was my reply.

"Ah!" she said, bursting into tears again, "I knew it! I knew it!"

"He was killed instantly," said I; "he never knew what happened."

I said this with the hope of their deriving a shade of comfort from the fact that the dear brave boy was not roasted alive, as so many enginemen are.

"Not quite instantly," said the weeping mother. "He called me twice: 'Mother! Mother!' and I saw him standing before me with a great deep furrow across his face."

Then she placed the edge of her hand against her face to show me where the scar was, and when I saw her mark the very angle of the ugly groove, I felt a strange tingling sensation at the roots of my hair.

"Has any one written you the particulars of the wreck?" I said.

"No," she answered, "we have had but two telegrams; one from the superintendent, telling of his death, and the one from you when you left Denver."

What she said so affected me that I excused myself and walked out to the barn, where I could think. I was not long in arriving at the conclusion that when the 177 left the track, in that infinitesimal fragment of time, the boy saw that he was in the shadow of death, and his first and only thought was of his mother. His whole soul went out to her so swiftly and so surely that she not only heard him call her, but saw him, just as he was.

At the barn I found the dead boy's father, who had insisted upon his son's going in with me, upon our arrival at the house, while he "put up" the team. I thought his the saddest face I had ever seen, as he moved about in his tearless and silent sorrow.

"How did it happen?" asked the farmer, when he had finished his chores, and we were walking back toward the house together.

"Hit a bunch of cattle," said I.

"In the night?"

"Yes," was my answer, "just about midnight."

"What night?"

"Last Friday."

"Stop," said the farmer, touching my arm. "I want to tell you something that happened here last Friday night—and I remember that the clock was striking twelve."

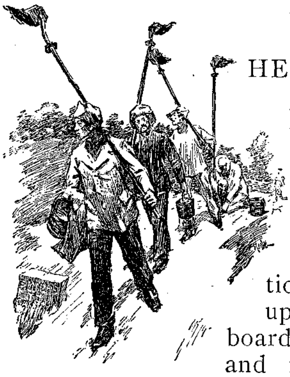
Then he told me how his wife had screamed and wakened him, and how she had wept bitterly, and insisted that Johnny had been killed. He had been struck by somebody, or something, she insisted, and she could see a great, deep, ugly scar on his face.

I don't know why I did not; but I remember distinctly that I did not tell them—not even the engineer, who was accustomed to seeing such things—that the scar was there, on Jack's face, just as his mother had seen it that Friday night. We did not open the coffin at the church, nor at the grave.

I remained with the family at the farmhouse that night, and with them, on the following day, went to the little church in town, where the good priest talked a great deal longer than was necessary, I thought, for he had it not in his power to do John McConnell any good by talking. In a pleasant place, on a gentle slope that tipped to the west, his grave was made; and while we were weeping there, another grave, in another place, was being filled, hiding from the eyes of the world the body of the brave engineer.

IN ADVANCE OF THE CIRCUS.

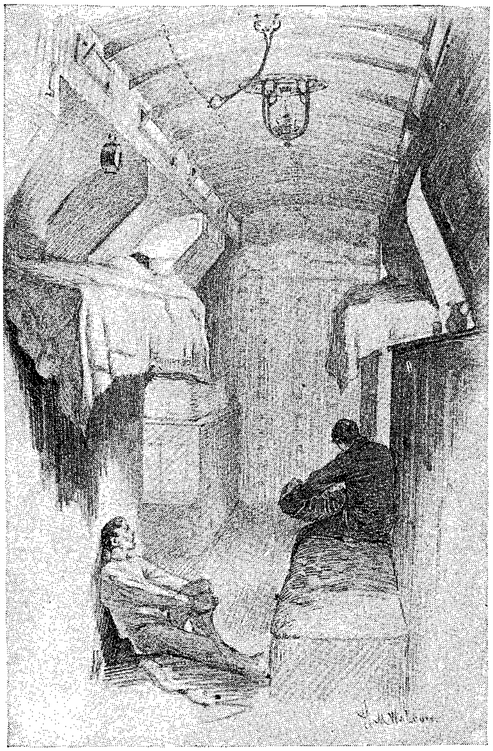
By Charles Theodore Murray.



WHEN I was a youngster in a country town I used to marvel at the extraordinary transformation wrought upon the bill-boards and barns and fences in a single day or night, without any perceptible human agency. The circus bill-poster was a member of the Santa Claus family—coming from nowhere and vanishing into nothing, but leaving the glowing traces of his visit in highly colored pictorial illustrations that covered the dead walls in town and along the country roads. Sometimes it was done in the night when we were in bed; sometimes while we were at school. But I never succeeded in catching the circus man in the act.

Now, however, I know all about it. Having travelled with him by night and by day, and in a measure made myself a part of him and his, I have become initiated into the secrets of the paste-pot and brush, and am an amateur past master of the circus-advertising art. I have actually witnessed the putting up of bills.

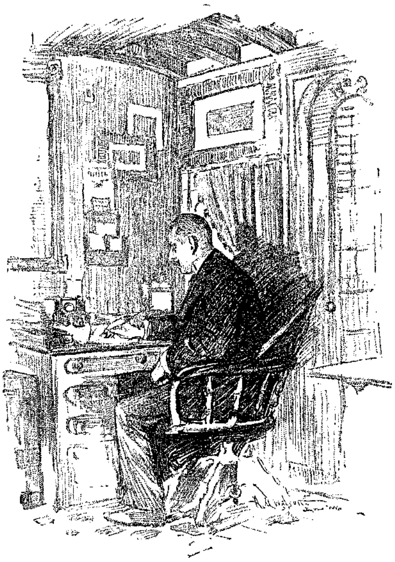
The various phases of show advertising are apparently simple until you come to circus advertising, which is on a scale unknown to the theatrical world; this not only in the vast amount of money annually invested in it, but in the perfect labyrinth of details incidental to the system. A single advertising car, such as those used by Barnum & Bailey, independently of the money invested in the car and in the paper handled by it, costs one thousand dollars a week. Multiply this by six, the number of cars thus used by that firm, and you have the sum total of six thousand a week for this single line of advertising. Each car carries sixteen men, and is accompanied by a responsible manager and by an advance press agent, who attends to the newspaper end of the business. There are other showmen that bill quite as heavily as Barnum & Bailey, and as the most innocent person knows, the quality of the show is not to be judged by the character of the bills or the square yards of boards covered. There is probably no other business in the world that expends anything like the



INTERIOR OF THE CAR AT NIGHT.

money in advertising that is invested in heralding the advent of the modern circus. And there is probably no investment of money that yields a more certain, immediate, and liberal return.

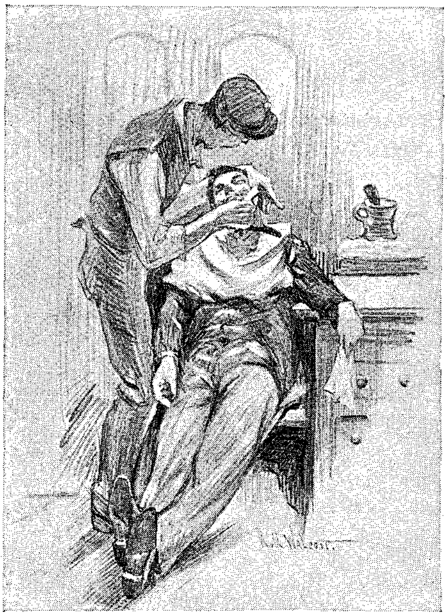
All of the six advertising cars except one run over the route laid out for the circus to come, and are just so many days ahead of and between each other. Each is expected to make a town a day, outside of the big cities where the show remains longer than that time. Car No. 1 is an exception, being known as the skirmishing or opposition car, and running here and there where special work is to be done because of the opposition of other shows or for other reasons. The advertising car is attached to any trains, not limited, on the roads with which the circus railroad contractor has previously made contracts for transportation. The railroad contractor completes his work as soon as possible after the dates for the season have been fixed. The railroad contracts are made at terminal points with the railroad authorities and involve intricacies and details foreign to this article. The first man to actually cover the route of the show is the general contractor, who makes arrangements for everything used or consumed by the show, including the advance men. He contracts for licenses, exhibition grounds, bill-boards, liverymen, straw, feed, hotels, etc. If there are no bill-boards, or an insufficient supply, he contracts for the erection of boards.



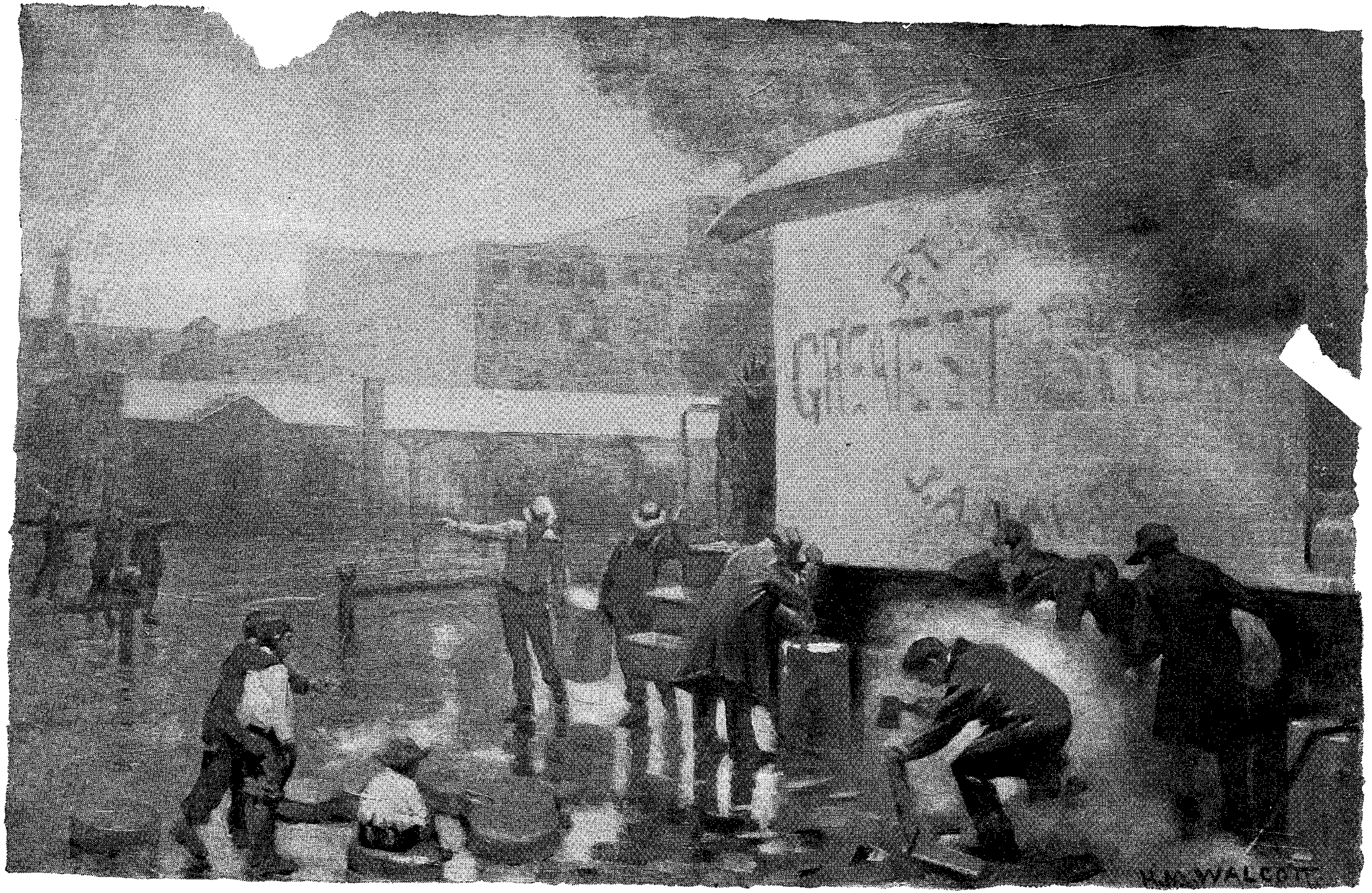
MR. HEDGES AT HIS DESK.

When our car, No. 2, approached a new town, Mr. Hedges, the agent in charge of it, had before him a brief of all contracts made by the man in advance, and a detail map of the boards in town and the country routes to be covered. He knew how many sheets had to be put up and how many lithographs might be used, where the car would be left, and when it must leave in order to make connection for the next show town. He knew the hotel where his force would get breakfast, and had telegraphed the liverymen to have so many teams ready for the country routes at the car next morning. In the car, for the benefit of the working force, was posted an outline of this necessary information. From this card the boss bill-poster divided up his force so as to cover the routes as rapidly as possible, and before he went to bed each of the sixteen men knew what he had to do the next day. Certain men were told off for town work and the others divided up for country. Then each man took his turn at the broad counter on one side of the car, and arranged his paper and pasted the date-line on the bottom of his window lithographs. Meanwhile the car was humming along on the tail end of a regular train. As long as daylight lasted, a man was stationed on each platform with an arm full of printed matter, which he chucked off, two and a half dozen sheets at a time, at every evidence of human habitation. Wherever stood a boy, or man, or woman, or gaping child, a shower of pictorial circus matter fell. At every hamlet, farm-house and cross-road was hurled the seed which was to spring up and bear fruit. And how the children yelled, and everybody, old and young, grabbed for a share of it! Tens and scores of thousands of these sheets and books fell along the route every day and all over the land! When night came, or we got too far away from a show town, the platform men were withdrawn. The date-line pasters sang as they worked, staggering with the oscillation of the car. Others told stories of road work and bragged of the number of sheets they were able to post in a day, while an accordion and mouth-organ furnished instrumental music of rather a doleful nature, but which seemed to cheer the bill-poster's soul. Early in the evening, however, the work and music stopped, tired men began to pull down their berths and stretch their limbs for slumber, the weird light was turned down, and the roar of the rushing train soon mingled with a rattling cannonade of snores.

In the forward end of the car is a small state-room with a desk, a safe, a sofa which can be extended into a double berth, an upper berth like a Pullman's, and little windows curtained off after the fashion of windows in a small canal-boat cabin. At the desk, on the road, Mr. Hedges writes up his reports of the day's work just over, and studies up the railway guide for the morrow. A small, grey-haired, reserved man, he is the only person I ever knew who could master at once any feature of the railway guide. As agent in charge of this force and the work he is banker, accountant, railway agent, head bill-poster and general director. He carries sufficient cash in that little safe to pay the sixteen men every week what they want, and all incidental expenses, such as the cost of meals in the country, express charges, telegrams, freight, etc. He is not only responsible for this and for the men, but must keep an accurate account of every lithograph and sheet of paper received by him, where and by whom put up, and of every ticket given out for lithograph and other show privileges, just as an army officer on the march must render an exact return to the government of every article of camp and garrison equipage issued to him. But this agent is also a banker. Each employee has a bank book in which he is credited with his weekly wages, and in which he is debited with the sums received. This book is kept till the end of the season, and then the balance due may be drawn in final settlement. To insure faithful and continued services on the part of the men the company retains a certain sum called "gratuity," which is paid at the end of the season, but which is forfeited if the man is discharged for cause or leaves of his own accord before that time. By this means men are restrained from all excesses, are kept industrious and faithful, and always have money due them at the end of the season. The same system is pursued with the canvasmen and other laborers on the road with the show. No drinking, swearing, card-playing, or anything of an immoral character—which in the posted rules of this car includes "mashing"—is allowed, under penalty of a heavy fine for the first offence and discharge and loss of gratuity for the second. One wonders if some such system would not prove advantageous as between employer and employee in other lines of business.


A SHAVE EN ROUTE.

At the first peep of dawn we are routed out to find the car motionless, but to hear the soft murmur of steam and human voices. Outside I find the entire

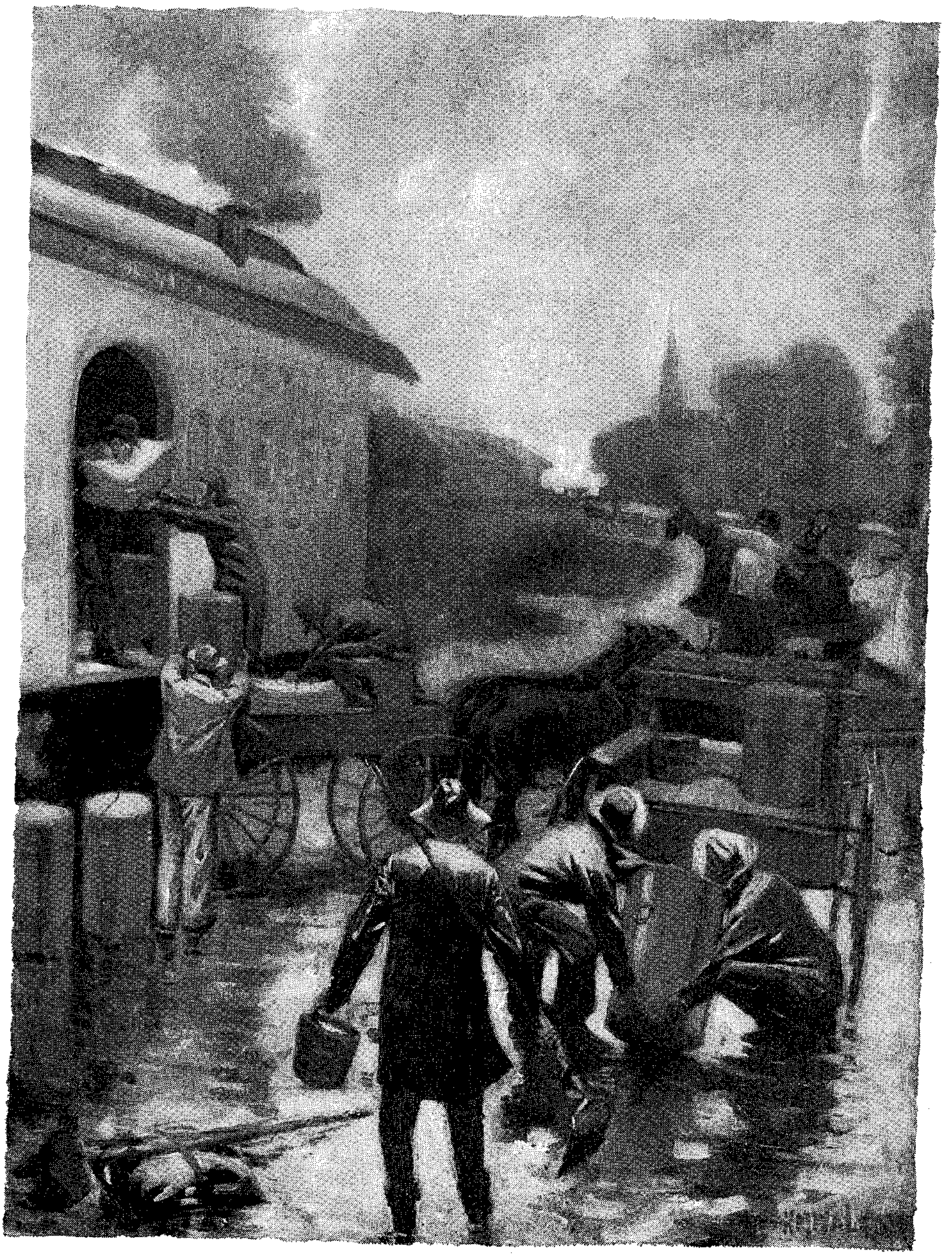


COOKING THE PASTE.

force rushing up and down and stirring around half a dozen big galvanized iron cans. The men are clad in their pasty suits, and remind me of the witches around the caldron in "Macbeth." The car is near the yet silent station; the town at hand is still buried in slumber. The stack leading from the engine boiler in the rear of our car is sending up clouds of black smoke, and the smothered gurgle of steam comes from the bottom of one of the big cans of flour and water. They are cooking the paste. One man is holding the nozzle of a steam pipe down in the can, another is carrying water, another dividing up the bags of flour, another cleaning the slopping-over paste from can and bucket. The others are arranging the paper for the different wagons and town workers. Then I discover that the steam arrangement is on the inside and a part of our car, the connection with the nozzle being made below, near one of the trucks. From two to three barrels of the best flour are used daily on the road, and in big cities, where much billing is done, five or six barrels are required. This paste is very thick and is used only by liberal dilution with water wherever the bills are being posted. A big dipperful of paste from the can will make a bucket of paste for service. A big can, a couple of buckets, the dipper and two long-handled, hoe-shaped brushes are the outfit for a country wagon. Experience has taught the men just how much of this flour and water is necessary to put up a certain number of sheets. The eagle-eyed man back with the show can tell from the reports whether so much as a bucketful has been wasted. And that must be explained. So many pounds of flour, so many sheets—and the return of the number of sheets and the purchases of flour tell the story.

From the making of paste we move down the dead streets to the country hotel where breakfast is prepared for us. Then the whole force swarms down upon the car, where the livery teams are now ready, and scrambling into the pasty suits again, we are quickly out on the country roads. The local liveryman is familiar with the routes and directs his drivers. With him I follow one wagon for ten miles. It is along a beautiful valley at the bottom of which ripples the dark Lehigh. Mountains rise on either side, and sloping fields and rugged uplands set with pretty farm-houses tell of rural prosperity. The sun is just peeping over the first chain of hills when we rouse the farmer from his breakfast. He has a nice new barn fronting the road, which the bill-posters measure with greedy eyes. The one who is boss for the day jumps down and goes to the door. The farmer comes out in his shirt-sleeves and argues with him. He says he has no prejudice against the circus; but he is a member of the church, and is afraid the neighbors will talk. The old man keeps his eyes averted from the ticket order which is prominently held in the tempter's hand, for fear he will be unable to resist. Time is precious, however, and the circus man runs down the walk and remounts to his place, and we drive on.

The next place is all right. The bill-posters know it before going to the house, because the marks of the last circus bills are hanging in tattered remnants to the old barn. While the boss goes to the house the other man gets out his buckets and brushes and goes for water. He considers permission a "dead-sure thing." The other man carries a little order book, each leaf of which contains a contract to the effect that the owner of the place gives permission for posting bills on his barn, or stable, or shop, and promises that the said bills shall be allowed to remain there until a certain date, in consideration of which he receives from two to six tickets. The circus man offers him the very lowe number and generally keeps him down to two; but the smart farmer makes the man give him three or four. Then the owner signs the contract, very reluctantly always, as a farmer hates to sign anything; the circus man plac a little square across the leaf and tears off the order so as to include a printed number corresponding to the number of tickets agreed upon, enters the man's name on the corresponding stub, holding it against the house as



"THE LIVERY TEAMS ARE NOW READY."

he writes, and then bolts down to the road. The other man, as soon as he sees the farmer laboriously writing his name, gets water from the well or spring and draws on his overalls. Within the next half minute both men are sopping the sides of the barn with paste.

Before this is done, however, one has with a date-line rapidly measured the space to be covered, and decided what stand of bills it shall be. It may be nine-sheet, fifteen-sheet, or even larger, and they have several different kinds which will fill the same space. The object is to get up as great a variety along the route as possible, and the day's reports will show how successful they have been. During the process of getting up the paper the farmer, his children and hired man, if about the house, will come down to the front and gaze upon the dazzling pictures. The artistic job, and the deftness and rapidity with which it is executed, always cause scarcely subdued admiration. But no time is wasted in conversation. In the twinkling of an eye the work is done, the buckets and brushes restored to the wagon, and we are under way again on a trot.

The route is twenty-two miles, which makes it a forty-four mile drive—a pretty stiff day's work in itself. Yet I have the actual report of such a drive one day, and the two men put up five hundred and ninety-six sheets on fifteen stands, making fifteen contracts and giving out orders for forty-one tickets. For my own individual comfort I am very well pleased to get back in a light buggy from a ten-mile trip, or a drive of twenty miles, and without sticking any bills.

The various reports from the road come in to the agent on the car, who consolidates them in his daily record. The original report shows the place, the number of bills put up in each, the name of the man signing the contract and the number of tickets given for the privilege. Each ticket order is numbered, and this also appears in the report. These reports all go back to the next car—car No. 3.

Not infrequently the men out on a long route in the country cannot get back in time for the departure of the car. Then, when they come in, they will find their good clothes done up in a bundle, and their bundle and railway fare and expense money for their supper in the hands of the baggage-master at the station. They are obliged to take the very next train for the next show town, where they will join the car before morning sees the work on again. The lithograph handlers make a similar report, giving places, names, number of tickets and number of ticket orders. These reports go back to the next car also.

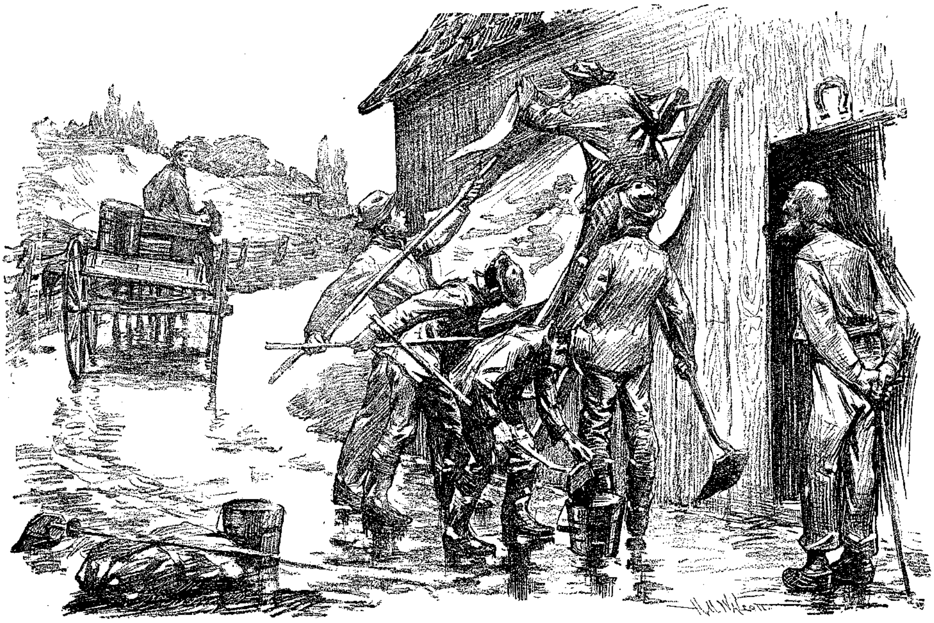
Money is always given for meals in the country at the rate of thirty-five cents. If the men choose to get less than a meal, or get one for less money or for nothing, they are that much ahead. When the agent comes to settle with the hotel and liveryman, it is on a contract card which is in the form of a draft on the show, payable on show day. This contract with the hotel is for meals at so much a meal, the men in the advance always sleeping on their car, or en route to join it. It was made by the first man, as I have said, and Mr. Hedges, of car No. 2, simply certifies to the number of meals taken at the contract price. It is in duplicate, and the landlord also has a copy. This also goes back to the next car; and when car No. 3 comes along, its men are entered upon the same card, and then it goes with the other reports back to car No. 4. The amount of the certification stands as a check, and is so returned to the agent.

Cars 3, 4, 5 and 6 go through the same process as to reports, the last one sending the whole mass of reports and details back to the show. From the consolidated report the treasurer can see at a glance just what bills are outstanding at the next town, and be prepared to meet them. He also knows just how many deadhead tickets are to be presented there. Car No. 3 is about two weeks behind No. 2, and goes through a similar routine, with this difference—its men drive over the same routes and verify the reports of the bill-posters of No. 2. And when the rain has destroyed bills, or they have been defaced, or covered by some other advertiser, they are replaced. Wherever the terms of the contract with the farmer or tradesman have been violated, they report it back to the show, and the ticket order for that privilege is cancelled. When the holder comes down to the tent on show day, and presents it, he is astonished to find that he has been blacklisted and that his order is worthless. But they pull the record on him. There is no way to avoid that.

Every agent in the advance who is entrusted with the expenditure of money, has a little expense book in which every item is entered in detail, and every expenditure of one dollar or over must be accompanied by a voucher. This book covers just one week, and closes with a summary, and balances in a regular printed ledger form, which shows the financial condition of that man at a glance. It is duly closed and forwarded to the treasurer of the show each week, to be entered on the general books, and a new book is opened by the agent with the beginning of the week. He also keeps a small ledger of his own during the season, which is presumed to balance with the account rendered the treasurer. The latter has a regular ledger account with every man connected with the show, from the humblest bill-poster, whom he never sees, to the high-priced rider in the ring. The system is as perfect as the business of any bank. In fact, the owners of the show know exactly from day to day where they stand, which is more than the best regulated bank knows, as the correctness of the latter's balance sheets depends upon the solvency of men and corporations not under its control.

With each advertising car is a press agent, whose operations are in conjunction with the movements of the car, though wholly independent of it and in a different field. There are huge cases in the car which contain his cuts and prepared advertisements. The latter have been prepared in the winter time, when all the other printed matter is made up. The advertisements are in the form of one-column, two-column, double half-column matter, just as they are to appear in the newspapers. Upon the variety and freshness of style in which these are written rests something of the reputation of the general press agent who prepares them. While they contain about the same material, no two alike are used in the same town. And the same thing is true of the reading-notices which accompany them. Both display advertisements and reading-notices are printed and bound in tablets and numbered for convenience in handling.

The general press agent, Mr. R. F. Hamilton, travels with car No. 2, and the work of those who come after him is chiefly supplementary. The "free lance" who travels with the skirmishing or opposition car (No. 1) has a different line of work. When car No. 2's force of bill-posters are at work



"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE THE WORK IS DONE."

scouring the town and country, Mr. Hamilton, who travels on regular trains when possible and stops at good hotels, gets up in the morning and sallies out to work the newspaper offices. The first thing he does is to make a contract with the proprietor of some prominent drug-store or bookstore for permission to sell tickets in that store on show day. The consideration is so many tickets, and is set forth in a printed contract signed by the proprietor. Then he attacks the nearest newspaper. His encounter with the business manager, or the editor (where it is a country office), is one of the most interesting and often amusing features of the advance service. By his experience and judgment of human nature, the show may be saved hundreds and thousands of dollars.

The country papers look upon the circus as "fat," and ask, and usually get, the highest rates for their space. There are usually four or five papers in a town, and often that many dailies in a place of not more than ten thousand inhabitants. Each daily claims the largest circulation, and in every office the showman is assured that "this is one of the best show towns in the country." The agent knows all about this, and a look of unutterable weariness is apt to come over his face. From a casual comparison of the estimate of the circulation calculator with the town's population it is usually apparent that even the little children take at least one daily newspaper, and the heads of families two or three. Then comes some earnest figure work on the part of the newspaper man, which almost invariably results in a charge for space that, based on circulation, would bring the rates of a metropolitan journal to about five hundred dollars an inch. Sometimes after considerable sparring the high rate is grumblingly accepted, and the showman quietly unloads about two columns of "reading-notices" on the newspaper man and departs with a sardonic grin.

Every office presents an entirely new condition, and requires a different method of approach. When they are all done and the contracts signed, the press agent goes down to the car, gets out his advertisements and cuts and takes them around to the papers. He is then ready for the next town. Sometimes no conclusion is reached in the office, and the agent firmly refuses to submit to the terms demanded and goes away—to be chased up eventually by the newspaper representative before he can get out of town. Sometimes the papers combine to demand so much space at the same price without regard to local prominence; and sometimes a paper insists upon the same prices for a small space that other papers get for a greater one. All of these conditions must be met in a kindly spirit, for it is the policy of the show to give all the legitimate papers patronage at liberal rates, and an office must be selfish indeed if it is left out.

The press agent of car No. 4 (which makes a specialty of railroad billing and excursion work—covering every railroad route for fifty miles outside of the show town) gives special attention to the editors, ministers of the gospel, heads of educational institutions, etc., extending the courtesies of the show. The press agent on the last car (No. 6) reviews the situation as it exists just before the coming of the show, and fills any existing gaps—just as do the billing force on that car with reference to their field of labor.

It is a wonderful and expensive and thorough system. For, when show day comes around, more than fifty men have covered every village, railroad route, and country road and newspaper in a belt of country forty to fifty miles wide—a belt which, beginning in New York, will extend, before the close of the season, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again.

THE MISTRESS OF THE FOUNDRY.

By Earl Joslyn.

“POUR off!”

The moulder waited a moment by his crucible of glowing, molten metal; then, in a loud, deep voice, he cried again:

“Pour off!”

Don, the foreman of the foundry, turned with impatience to three young fellows who were sorting metal chips out of a barrel of foundry sweepings, and who were all smoking clay pipes. “Pat, Jack, and Mike, when you hear a moulder call ‘pour off,’ you get to him lively,” he said shortly.

The foreman's eyes sparkled ominously as he watched the trio hustling over copper ingots and piles of zinc, dodging, now and then, stacks of flasks. “Shut the window, there, Mike; you'll bust your cylinder,” he roared.

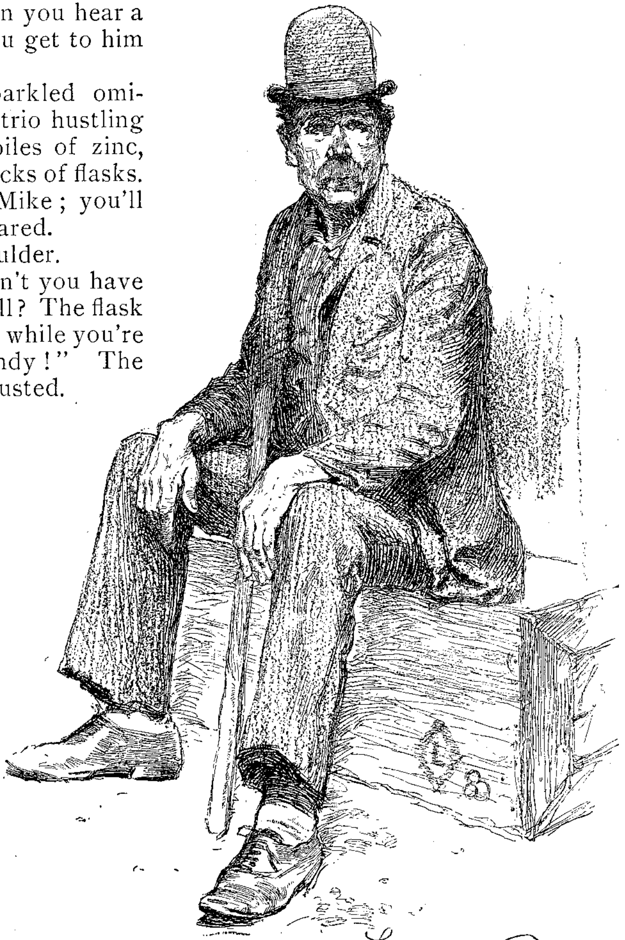
“Water,” called the moulder.

“Here, you Pat, why don't you have the watering-pot always full? The flask boards will burn to cinders while you're fetching it. You're a dandy!” The foreman turned away disgusted.

The metal was poured into the small holes prepared for it. Tongues of beautifully colored flame darted from the beds of sand, and the smoke, full of ashy flakes, rose in billows. Bang! there was an explosion, louder than usual. The moulder and his helpers laughed. They always liked to hear a good round report. “That will be a fine cylinder ring,” said Don. “Now go help the core-boys; they are crowded. And look alive,” he added, glancing sharply at the three.

“And what did ye hear at the mission the night, Mike McCoy?” asked Luke Reardon of his bench-mate.

“The mission, Luke? Father Gogarty's after askin' where the likes of you bees,” responded Mike. “‘Luke's a hard one,’ says Father Gogarty. ‘He's travelled many a mile hanging on under a freight car, and he's niver a bit consarned for his sowl that'll go



Luke Reardon

Note.—This story secured the fifth prize in the recent McClure prize story contest.—Ed. McClure's Magazine.

to purgatory some day by way of a header,' says Father Gogarty."

"Come off, now," laughed Luke; "Father Gogarty nivver said that. But what did ye hear at mission, I ask ye, Mike McCoy?"

"Ah, thin, Luke, the Father kept saying, 'Stand up, now.' Be the time I was well up, he said, 'Sit down, now.' It bein' a new service, Father Gogarty had hard work to kape us movin'. He gave us a dressing down at the end. 'You're in your sates, aisy and comfortable,' he says, 'when ye should be on your knees. Kape watch on me,' says he, 'and whin I jinnyflict, then you jinnyflict.' Them missions is pious work, Luke."

At ten minutes of six the men were washing up. "Going to the Union to-night, Timmy?" asked Tom Mahanney.

"'Dade, that I am, Tom. We'll spoil Mowry. He won't hire Union men to work for him, and we'll see that his pots are doctored. Did ye know that the big casting that he sint to Dinver was brittle as glass? I know the man that made it. 'That'll bust suddint on you, Mowry,' says my frind, when he poured it. 'You needn't be so high and mighty with us Brotherhood felleys; you'll come down a peg,' says he."

"Hist, hist, Timmy, there's the missis."

A lady dressed in plain black stood in the smoky foundry. She was perhaps thirty-five years old, but she was still extremely girlish in figure and face. She was speaking with Don. "Good-night, Mr. Donoghue," she said, when she had finished talking, and then stepped lightly along, bowing courteously to the men as she passed them.

"I does hate to have the missis see me when my shirt's all open and I'm as red as a gobbler," said young Dan Doyle.

"Red, are you, Dan?" mocked Luke. "You're the greenest Irishman that ever stood on ten toes."

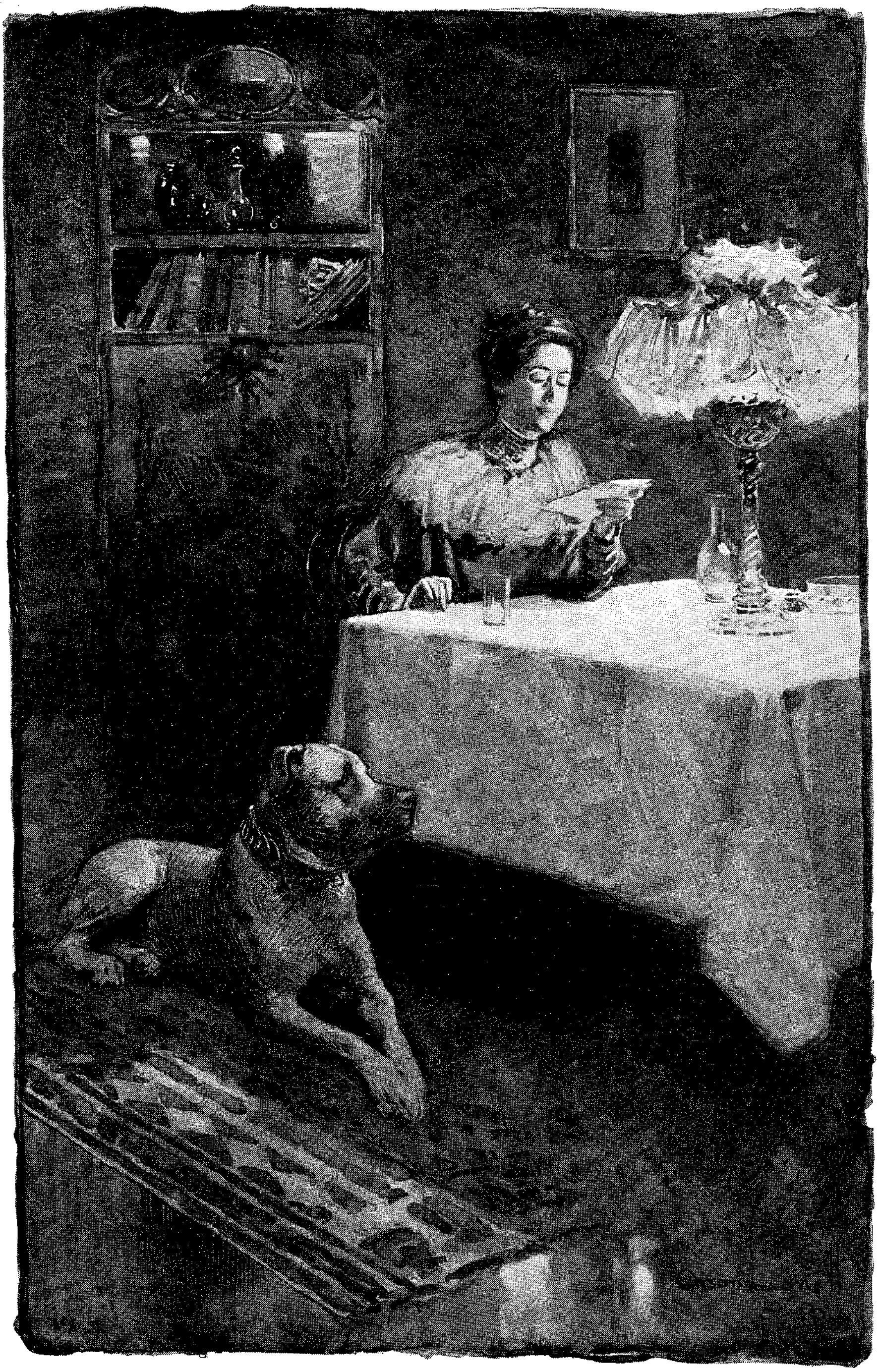
"Tin, is it, Luke! Dan stands on nine iver since the bottom of Paddy O'Shea's crucible fell out and slopped on Dan's feet," said Dennis Slavin, the oldest man in the foundry.

"The missis is polite to us jacks," said Dick Flanaghan in his shrill squeaking voice. "That last hot day I was all of a lather, and had been dusting my work with charcoal. The wind blew it in my face, and I looked like a striped devil. Don was off to a picnic. Up comes the missis smiling. I wanted to jump under me bench. 'Mr. Flanaghan,' says she, 'and will ye be having them hame balls ready to go on the last express the night?' 'Shure they're poured and cooling there,' says I, 'but you'll have to ask Mike if he'll be after tumbling them.' 'Thank you, Mr. Flanaghan,' says she. Anybody niver called me 'mister' before. She did me proud. She's the lady for ye."

"Ye're long-winded, Dick," broke in Don. "Don't ye see I'm waiting to lock the door? Dump them grates, Pat. Must I tell ye ivery night to put the fires out?"

The men hurried out on the street and went clumsily homeward. Mrs. Sterns, the "missis," had gone toward High Street to her house. Half an hour after her entrance she was seated at her dainty dinner-table. She had changed her foundry dress for a delicate tea-gown. A letter bearing an English post-mark had been placed by her plate. An immense mastiff lay stretched out on a rug by her chair. He was always near his mistress when she was at home. Between the courses she read the letter. "I am gone much longer, Kate, dear," her husband wrote, "than I expected to be. Some litigation has arisen about the patent, and will keep me here several months longer. But after we win the case—as we shall—I can quickly negotiate the sale and return. The patent is more valuable than I thought, and will greatly increase our wealth. Can you hold the men together? There are signs of renewed labor troubles."

Mrs. Sterns laid down the letter and mused. It was a hard task that was set her. The moulders and polishers, from Big Luke to little Joe, her office-boy, were devoted to her. They would not trouble the "missis." But Parker, the book-keeper, was hostile to her, and resented her appointment as treasurer



BETWEEN THE COURSES SHE READ THE LETTER.

in her husband's absence. Parker was an untried man, the trusty old bookkeeper having died a year before Mr. Sterns's departure to England. Preston, too, the manager, was against her and friendly to Parker. Moreover, Parker was nephew to the wife of the president of the corporation, Edward Starkey. Starkey was not pleased with Sterns's lack of confidence in his relative, as shown by the latter's choice of assistant treasurer. Sterns had signed Starkey's notes. To what extent, Mrs. Sterns did not know. That way might lie ruin. She would do her best, she replied to her husband's letter, but she must know for what amount he was on Starkey's paper. "I am confident that Parker is dishonest," she continued, "though I cannot detect any fraud; but I am continually on the alert, and shall unearth it if any exists."

The next morning at nine Mrs. Sterns was at her desk. She opened the morning mail and passed the orders to Parker for entry, with the letters that must be answered. She receipted the bills that had been paid, and placed the checks in the bank book. Looking up just then she saw Moore, the foreman of the polishing-room, standing by her and waiting.

"I can't get them air-chambers off to-day, Mrs. Sterns," he said. "Jim's out. He's sick with the copper dust. It busted his lungs, and they're bleeding. He'll be all right to-morrow. Nobody can do them so good as Jim."

"I am sorry for Jim," answered Mrs. Sterns; "but, Moore, we must send the large air-chamber to-day. It goes into a great ocean steamer that sails from New York Friday, and it will not get there a moment too soon."

"I'm doing that one," Moore said.

"Don't hurt your lungs, Mike."

"No, I look out for mesilf. I wears wet sponges," he said as he left the office.

The other foremen came for orders. They would not take them from Parker, if they could avoid it, nor report to him. Parker was unpopular with the men, chiefly on account of his curt way of speaking to them.

So the day went. Soon after one o'clock, Parker returned from the bank with the money to pay off the men. Mrs. Sterns had previously signed a check, which he had had cashed. He threw on the table before him the heavy bag of silver and bills, which he proceeded to count and place in the pay envelopes. While he was doing this, Mrs. Sterns noticed a peculiar flutter of the eyelids. It occurred to her that she had been carefully excluded from the work of the pay-roll. She turned her chair round to her desk and inwardly debated what course to pursue in order to get this business into her own hands in a way that would arouse no suspicion on Parker's part. She knew that she must be wary.

After Parker had finished paying off the men, he was obliged to go out of the city on business for the company. Being hurried to catch the train, he inadvertently left the pay-roll book out of his desk, which he carefully locked before leaving.

Shortly after he had gone Don came in to ask her to have some files ordered. When she had made a memorandum of the sizes and kinds, she inquired—

"How much are your wages a week, Donoghue?"

"Eighteen dollars, ma'am," he answered.

"Can you give me a list of all the men's wages per day, Don?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you keep dark, Donoghue?"

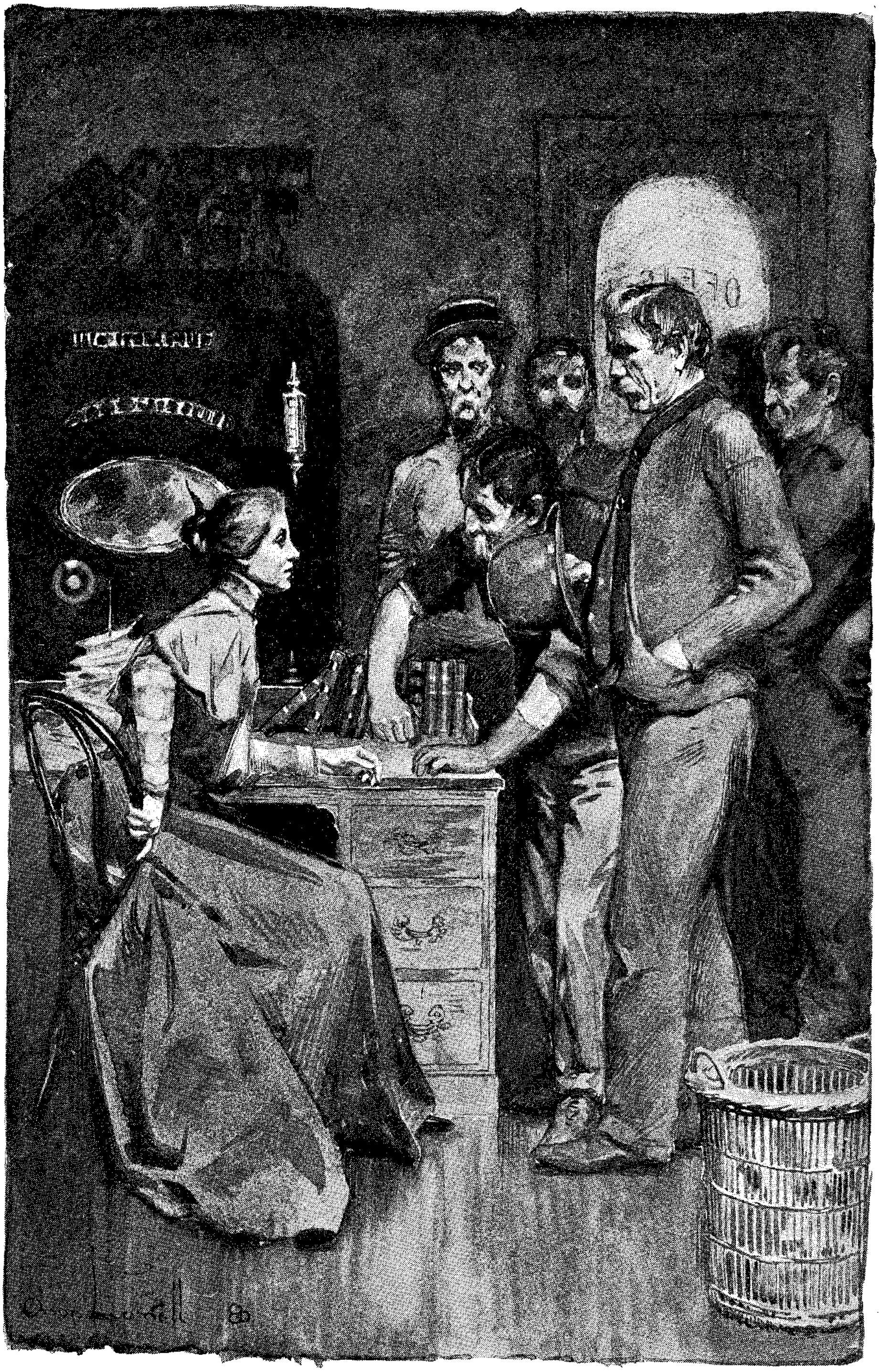
"Yes, ma'am, glad to."

"I depend on you, Donoghue," said Mrs. Sterns, looking keenly at the foreman.

"You're safe, ma'am," replied the foreman, and respectfully touched his paper cap.

Mrs. Sterns put the pay-roll book into her black satin hand-bag, and as she was leaving the foundry Don placed in her hand the daily wage list. Then she went homeward.

Kaiser was on the piazza looking serious. It was the swill-gatherers' day, and he and the swill-gatherers were at feud. Kaiser objected on principle to any one that removed so much as a feather from the yard. He brightened up as he saw his mis-



DICK FLANAGHAN THRUST FORWARD HIS LONG GRIMY ARM, AND BENT DOWN TOWARD THE DESK HIS DARK, ALERT FACE.

tress approaching, and marched majestically down the walk to greet her.

"Good fellow, Kaiser," she said, lightly, as the dog sprang joyfully up to her face; "have you been kind to the pussies, to-day?"

After dinner Mrs. Sterns compared the wage-lists. Don reported himself as receiving three dollars per day. Parker's record showed three dollars and seventy-five cents. According to Don's list every employee received from seventy-five down to twenty cents a day less than Parker's book showed. On computation Mrs. Sterns found that Parker professed to pay out two hundred dollars weekly more than Don's list called for. She was astonished and frightened at her discovery. Her heart beat rapidly. That night she telegraphed the facts of the case to her husband and asked instructions. Reply came, "Use your judgment for present. Have written."

The next morning Parker was visibly disturbed, and remarked:

"I cannot find my pay-roll book, Mrs. Sterns."

"Where did you leave it, Parker?"

"In my desk, I thought. I went away in such a hurry that I may have left it outside."

"Can you not remember, Parker?" continued Mrs. Sterns.

"No, I cannot," was the answer. "If I had entered on the ledger the amount of the pay-roll I would not mind the loss."

"How much have you in the safe? Cannot you tell by that, Parker?" Mrs. Sterns was looking directly at Parker's face as she put the last question.

"Yes, very nearly."

"How much have you?" pursued Mrs. Sterns.

"Fifty dollars," said Parker after a pause.

"Thirty-six of that came in this morning. Did you have fourteen dollars on hand?"

"Yes," replied Parker, "I did."

Mrs. Sterns said no more. What had he done with the two hundred dollars overplus? She had found that for six weeks he had falsified the pay-roll.

Parker was very uneasy about the missing book. Perhaps he suspected what had become of it. At all events on the following pay-day he made out a correct list of wages. When all was ready, Mrs. Sterns said:

"I will pay the men, Parker. I like to know them by name, and if I pay them, I shall remember them."

Parker hesitated, but delivered up the envelopes with the best grace that he could muster.

When her husband's letter came Mrs. Sterns learned that he had signed Starkey's notes for twenty-five thousand dollars, fifteen thousand dollars of which was due in thirty days. "I have instructed my lawyer," the letter continued, "to secure me when the first note falls due, and to manage as best he can on the second. Keep Parker with you until the notes are paid. Then arrest him. My lawyer understands my wishes, and will act when the time comes for action."

II.

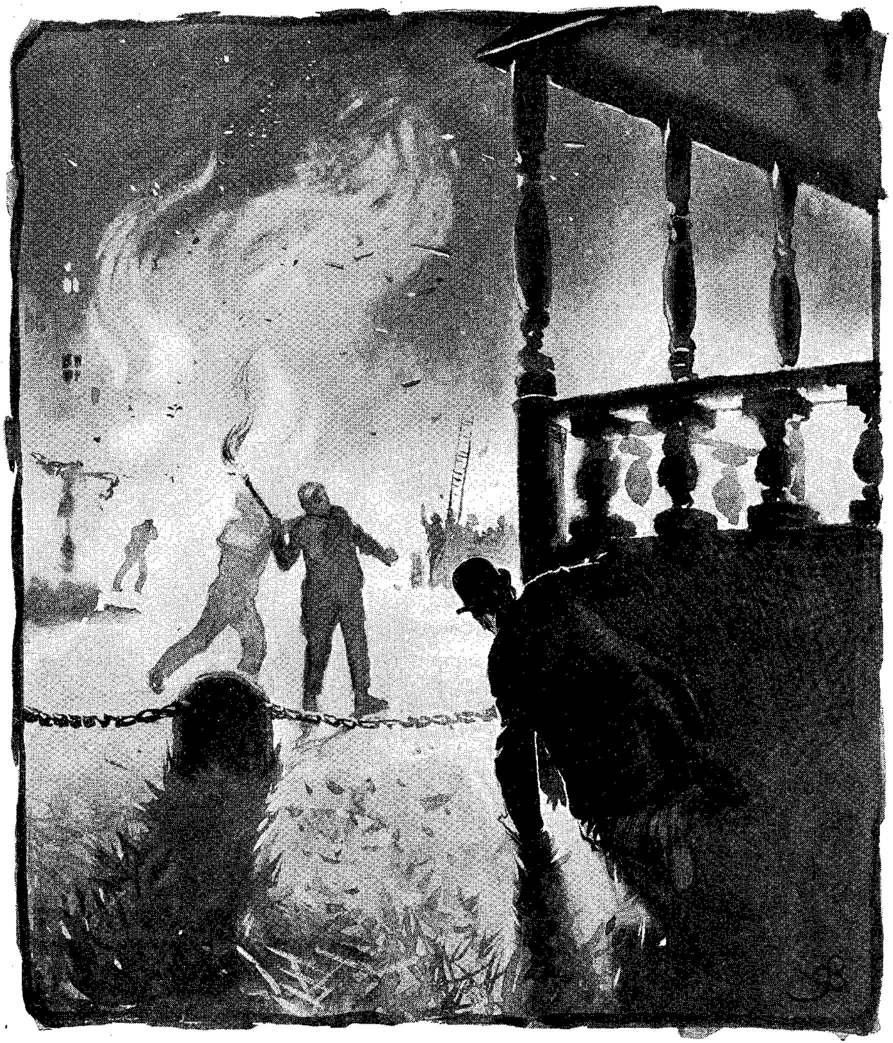
THE strikes of that autumn will always be remembered by business men for their bitterness and long continuance. The brotherhoods of brass and iron workers were finally drawn into the strife. One evening, shortly before five o'clock, Mrs. Sterns saw six sooty-faced fellows enter the office.

"We can't work any more, missis," said Luke, who had been appointed spokesman.

"Why, Luke, what is the trouble?" inquired Mrs. Sterns, considerably alarmed.

"Nothing that you can help, missis," said Luke. "Fact of the case is, the Union has ordered us to quit, and we must stop work to-night at five. We was ordered out last Saturday, but Don said we must help you out by finishing up the big order for them bibbs; so we got leave to stick by until now. I'm dumbed sorry to serve you so, specially when your man's gone; but we can't help it. We'll come back, ivery lad of us, as soon as the Union lets us."

Dick Flanaghan thrust forward his



"RAISING A PETROLEUM TORCH HE WAS ABOUT TO HURL IT ON THE ROOF OF HER VERANDA."

long grimy arm, and bent down toward the desk his dark, alert face. "We're smokers, missis," he said excitedly; "but don't you be afraid; we'll never smoke the likes of you out, though we will some as lives near ye. If ye iver nade a strong arm, there 'tis for ye."

"Shut up, Dick Flanaghan," interrupted Luke. "Ye wasn't ilicted Paddy first of this diligation." Then turning to Mrs. Sterns, Luke continued: "Will ye kindly pay us our wages to-morrow? Yis? Ye're a lady. Don't ye be 'fraid of nothin'."

The men shuffled awkwardly out of the office. Paddy O'Shea, who went last, slammed the door violently. A moment later he put his head in to say: "Beg pardon, missis; the door went togither aisier nor I expected."

The workmen went slowly out of the foundry by twos and threes. Even Dave Collins, the clown of the foundry, wore for once a serious countenance, and lingered until the last moment. He went over to his corner near the core-oven, and said, "Good-bye, old bench, till I come again." Then he reluctantly went his way. Dave had often cursed his place as being the hottest in the foundry, but now he regarded it with affection.

Mrs. Sterns looked down the street after the receding figures of the men. It was two months before they returned to their work. In all that time not a foundry fire was lighted in the great city of Riverbank.

Meanwhile the contest between the workmen and their employers increased in violence, and now hunger began to press hard on the foundrymen's families. They always lived from hand to mouth, the tobacco and drink that the men consumed costing much more than the food of the women and children. But for days past one scanty meal was all that the women could provide from their lean larders, and it seemed impossible to procure that little for any considerable time longer. The men were becoming disheartened, as their employers persisted in refusing to accede to their demands.

Big Luke and Don met on the street one afternoon while affairs were at this pass. Luke was loud-mouthed against those whom he considered the oppressors of the poor. "It is to-night that we have a bonfire, Don," said Luke. "Will ye be there? That old wharf-rat, Mowry, is the one that holds out, and kapes us fellers from gettin' back to work. He ain't starvin', and his wife's got stacks of clothes in her drawers, that Dan Doyle's mother saw when she claned house there,—more nor she could wear out in two lifetimes,—and here we bees half naked. Look at my ragged pants! See my shoes! Old Mowry wears good ones on his divil's hoof. Why don't he share his money with us workingmen? We're the producers. His foundry belongs to us. We made the money that paid for it. Manufacturers ought to divvy up the profits that the men makes. We've got to scare them into it, Don. That's what we've got to do. They grind us poor men's faces till our noses are worn flat. You don't think as I do, Don; but it's God's truth that I'm after tellin' to you."

"There's some truth in what ye're sayin', Luke," admitted Don.

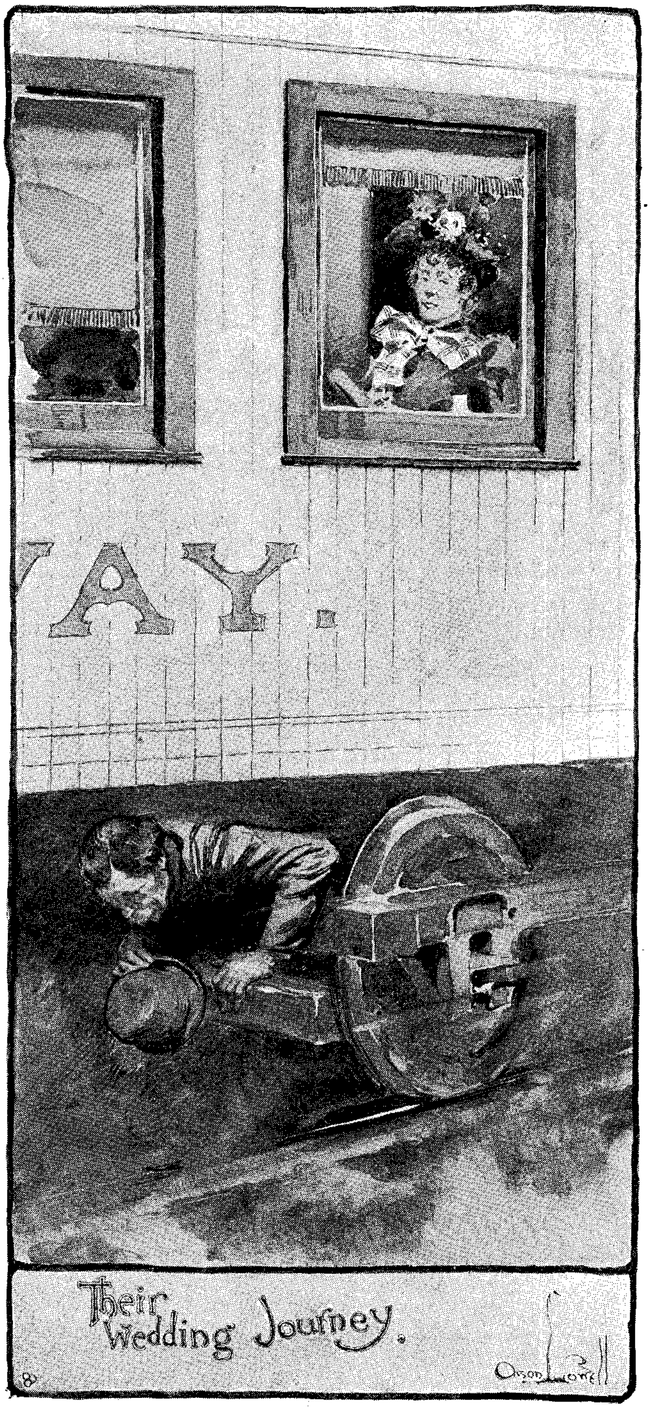
"Truth? I'll tell ye more yet that's true, Don. I have tramped it, and ye know it. Why did I tramp? Because no man under heaven can stand foundry smoke long, and ye know it. When you have your big melts of zinc, I'm just about crazy after breathing the smoke. Poor Bob McEvoy has been luny twice from the effects of zinc, and is in the hospital now. If I didn't get out into the fields and breathe the fresh air, I'd be stark crazy too. Sleepin' on the ground seems to take the pizen out o' me. The smoke don't strike to every moulder's head, but it does to mine; and I'd ruther have it there than in my kidneys, as others does. And what does Mowry care for us poor divils? I've worked for him, and I knows him. The little core-boys asked him once for a raise of ten cints a day. They was gettin' seventy-five cints. Mowry discharged them on the spot. And that same week he bought his great hound and paid a thousand dollars for it. A thousand dollars, man, for a dog, but no ten cints for a boy! That thousand dollars would buy me a fine little shanty, and then I would marry Bridie Hamilton, the purty little girl, and settle down to be stiddy. D'ye know what Mowry's new house cost? Ninety thousand dollars he paid, and I haven't money to buy a pigsty! He wouldn't put in a blower to save his polisher's lungs, because it cost too much."

"Things ain't right," said Don, who was listening with darkened face.

"They'll lose some of their fine things the night, though," said Luke angrily. "Good-bye; I have business on hand. I'm going to engage the 'Water Witch.' The firemen are friends of mine."

Luke lurched down the street toward the engine-house on Dover street, and Don went past the foundry.

At one o'clock in the morning following this conversation a terrible alarm of fire sounded through the city of Riverbank. Springing from her bed, and throwing on a heavy blanket gown, Mrs. Sterns raised her curtain and looked out. The whole street seemed wrapped in fire. Mowry's handsome house opposite was a blazing mass. From the houses on her left and right, lurid tongues of flame shot upward to the sky. Supposing her house to be also on fire, she ran, in her alarm, to her door. There, in the shadows of the broad front piazza, she saw a figure crouching. Big Luke's voice whispered, "Go back, missis; we're watchin' your house before and behint. The 'Water Witch' is on the way, and will stand before your house, whoever else burns, and wet down the roof and walls. You've been good to us; we'll take care of you."



Their Wedding Journey.

Mrs. Sterns retreated. In three minutes more the "Water Witch" pulled up before her gate. Though ostensibly playing on the burning houses, she perceived that the sharpest lookout was exercised over her home; and it escaped unscathed, although all around was a wall of fire. Never before in her experience had she been so terrified. Yet the conflagration so fascinated her that she could not turn her eyes from the terrible sights without. As she stood at one of the long French windows of her drawing-room she saw a throng of laboring-men rapidly passing down the street, and distinguished the rude words of their low chanting:

"Smoke High Street louts!
Burn her out,
Burn her out!"

She recognized Dick Flanaghan and Paddy O'Shea in the crowd. Opposite her granite steps a dark, wild-faced man glowered at the house a moment; then raising a petroleum torch, he was about to hurl it on the roof of her veranda. Dick Flanaghan's strong arm knocked the torch into the street. "Let alone, man," he commanded; "the missis lives there. Cheer, boys, cheer! Cheer for the missis!" A yell, as if from the throats of a thousand Tammany tigers, went upwards.

"O God!" moaned the woman standing at the windows, "protect me from the horrors of this night!" The mastiff, bolt upright, and growling low, stood by her side. Her old colored servant was shaking with terror in the rear of the room. "It's the Judgment Day," she groaned; "de Lord has come. My ole man allus said the world would bust and burn up like stubber. O, come, Lord Jesus! Send the golden chariot fo' me!"

All that dreadful night, which seemed endless to Mrs. Sterns, Big Luke was her self-constituted sentinel. Several times she heard him saying, in a low, distinct tone, "Move on, boys; she's all right."

At five o'clock Luke tapped on the pane. Mrs. Sterns cautiously opened the door. "The cops is after us," he hoarsely whispered. "I'll stay till daylight if I can. Leave your doors unfastened, missis, so I can skip through the house out into the back yard, and get off."

"Do you know the way, Luke?"

"Better nor you do, missis," he replied.

Just as the shadows of night were lifting, Mrs. Sterns saw three policemen closing in on the piazza. Luke was watching them. He gave a quick spring, met the one that was coming up the front steps, and pushed him backward. The man fell heavily on the flag-stones, and lay there stunned. The others pursued Luke into the house. Running like a greyhound through the rooms, whose doors were all set wide open, he saw through the kitchen windows another policeman, waiting for him at the rear door. The mastiff and Mrs. Sterns reached the kitchen by a short cut in advance of the two men. Luke stood at bay. The largest of the policemen took out a pistol. The huge animal sprang threateningly between the policeman and the fugitive. Mrs. Sterns stepped terrified before the mastiff. "Don't shoot my dog, sir," she entreated; "don't shoot him."

"Call off your dog, then, lady," said the man roughly.

That was enough. The infuriated beast heard the man speaking to his mistress in unfriendly tones. Before she could even attempt to call him off, he had jumped with a frightful growl at the man's throat. When she had succeeded in pacifying the dog, the man lay on the floor a sickening spectacle.

"The other cop ran out front," explained Luke, as Mrs. Sterns looked around the room. "I must be off, missis. They will send twenty cops here to take me," and Luke leaped out of a window into the rear of the house. The wounded man writhed on the floor, while Candace crooned a weird judgment hymn whose burden was:

"Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet."

"Stop singing, Candace. It is not the Judgment Day," said Mrs. Sterns.

"Laws, missis, I'se dead sure I heard him blow," replied Candace in a tone hoarse with fear.

"No, no. Go to the sideboard and bring me some brandy for this poor man," said her mistress.

While she was engaged in caring for him, six stalwart policemen came in at the back door. They tenderly took away their lacerated comrade, first searching the house for Luke.

"He is the toughest customer in the State, ma'am," remarked the chief of police. "He has been in more jails than I have ever seen. He's hard to handle, too. I have seen him knock out three police. Was in your employ, do I understand you to say? Well, foundrymen are a hard crowd. It has been a terrible night's work. The city is wild with fear."

About eight o'clock in the evening after the fires, Bridie Hamilton, stylishly if not tastefully dressed, was standing on a narrow platform in the rear of Riverbank's railway station. Suddenly a man emerged from under a freight car that was standing detached from the other cars. "O, Luke," exclaimed Bridie, "I got word where you were from Dick Flanaghan's brother that works here. Are ye going away again? Don't go. Stay here." Tears rolled down her face, and Luke awkwardly tried to comfort her.

"I'll come back, Bridie darlint, sure, soon as I darst to, and don't you be cryin'. The cops will get me if I stay here. Say," he continued as her distress increased, "I'll send ye money to come to Fairlee, and we'll get married."

"Let me go with you now, Luke," begged the girl piteously. "Father Gogarty will marry us to-night. We've been called, and my clothes are all ready."

"Mine ain't," said Luke ruefully. "I've got nothin' on but me old jumper and me old pants, and it ain't safe for me to ride in a car with ye. No, darlint, ye must wait."

"Oh," moaned the girl, "I'm afraid I'll never see you again, Luke, me lovely darlin'. Do take me to Father Gogarty. I've got fifty dollars in my pocket that I earned dress-making. I'll go in the car, and you can ride under it if you're afraid to sit with me. We can start at eleven to-night. You will have time to go and put on your good clothes. The cops won't know you if you go in a hack. Do let me go with you, Luke, there's a dear."

"I've got a nice coat and vest in the trunk in me room. If I had some dacint pants I'd do now," said Luke, half yielding. "But, Bridget, me dear, I wanted to give you a handsome send-off. I wanted jest for once to ride in the parlor car by yer side. Ye have no idee how like a gintleman I look when I'm clane. I took a Turkish bath once when I went to the ball of the United Brotherhood, and I came out white. Old Mowry with his club foot niver looked half so fine as mesilf then; and you've got a purty face, and we would be a stylish-looking couple. You're as handsome as a picter, and you're the object of me affictions, Bridget, me girl."

"Call me Bridie, Luke, dear. Bridget is so common."

"It was me ould mother's name," said Luke, apologetically.

"Send that little feller there for a hack, Luke," pleaded Bridie.

Finally, after more entreaties, Luke yielded, and the two went in a carriage through the dark streets to Father Gogarty's house. At half-past ten they reappeared in the station. Luke kept in the dark corners, and Bridie, carrying her satchel, entered the cars. At eleven the train pulled out, with Mrs. Bridie sitting in the parlor car, and Luke hanging to its under side.

It was summer time again in Riverbank, and the windows and doors of Sterns's foundry were all wide open. Mrs. Sterns went in at the main entrance, nodded good morning to the men, and went into the office, where sat her husband, a man royal in body and soul. Hearing the door open he raised his head. "Ah, here comes the little mistress of the foundry," he said, smiling. "Take a seat. The money is ready for you to pay off the men. I suppose that you will never relinquish the pleasure of putting money into the men's hands. No wonder you are so popular with them."

When she came to Dick Flanaghan's bench and he had counted his pay, he nodded and said, "All right, missis." Then taking his clay pipe from his mouth he continued, "And have ye heard the news about Luke, ma'am?"

"No, indeed, what is it?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Sterns.

"Well, Luke, he went down to Pennsylvania to work in a coal mine. His name was Hugh Brierly down there. Luke he thought there was going to be a strike among the miners, and he nivver could kape out of a strike, nohow, missis. Luke was boss in the riots there last spring, and he carried on wild. He wouldn't let the trains move, and so the Guvnor sent down the meleeshy to smash the miners. Luke and a gang of men behind him met the train that was fetchin' the sojers, and pitched rocks down the bank and ditched the train. Then them sojers just chased after the strikers and shot lots of them. Luke got a ball through his heart."

"Poor Luke!" said Mrs. Sterns with unaffected sorrow, "poor, misguided Luke!"

THE BRAVEST DEED OF THE WAR.

By Captain T. J. Mackey.

THE lines of the Union army were closing around Petersburg like a shroud of iron, when General Lee resolved to break and drive them back, if possible. To that end he ordered an attack in force to be made on General Grant's line of circumvallation on July 19, 1864.

The point selected for assault was in the vicinity of an old country inn called "The Yellow Tavern."

The order was that the attack should be made just before the dawn of day, the time most favorable for a surprise, "when deep sleep falleth on man." It was the experience, however, of many Confederate officers charged with the duty of attacking in the gray of the morning, that it was difficult to bring their troops into line at that early hour. Although they were generally "but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," they were in one sense, at least, not of the rising generation.

Hence it was that General Johnston Hagood, whose brigade of South Carolinians was assigned to the right of the attacking force, found that daylight had broken before he could align his command. General Hagood was as true a soldier as ever drew sword in battle; to him the path of duty was the path of honor; and although he saw that his brigade was in plain view of the Union troops, who had already manned their intrenchments, he ordered it to advance to the assault. It had to cross a space of about two hundred and fifty yards in width which had an undulating surface, and the broken nature of the ground afforded some shelter until it debouched upon a level highway, within seventy yards of the works.

It then met with a terrible fire of artillery and rifles, but it was composed of seasoned veterans, and it never faltered. Where the dead fell, the living stept; and their levelled bayonets soon sparkled within twenty feet of the line of intrenchments. There the brigade came to an involuntary halt, for before it lay a wide, deep ditch, half full of water, which it had no means of crossing. Unable to advance, and yet unwilling to retreat without orders, every soldier delivered his hopeless fire with the energy of despair.

As a merciful suggestion, no doubt prompted by admiration for a body of brave men, doomed otherwise to certain slaughter, the Union soldiers called out to them to surrender; but the call was unheeded. At that deadly juncture a mounted officer was seen to emerge from the sally-port of an earthwork at a reëntering angle of the line of intrenchments, nearly opposite to the centre of the brigade. He galloped up to the color-bearer of the —— South Carolina regiment, and, holding out his right hand, demanded the surrender of the colors. Although mounted, the uniform and shoulder-straps of the daring Union officer indicated that he was a captain of infantry. He was, apparently, about thirty years of age, with a noble and handsome face, and tall, heroic form.

The color-sergeant, seemingly dazed, or perhaps paralyzed by the sublime effrontery of the demand, surrendered the colors.

The flag was especially dear to the regiment, for it had been presented by the ladies of the district in which the regiment was raised, and it had been borne aloft with honor on many battlefields. It was a State flag, with the arms of South Carolina upon it, and a counterpart of that which the famous Palmetto regiment in the Mexican war had planted on the walls of the capital of Mexico, the first foreign flag to wave there since the time of Cortez.

That it should have been delivered up to a single foeman when there were a thousand men—all veteran soldiers—to defend it, and the thrust of a bayonet or the pulling of a trigger could have disposed of him, was past all understanding. I have thought that, perhaps, being sorely perplexed with their comrades falling fast all around them, they may have thought at the moment that the delivery of the flag was intended as a signal to the troops in the trenches to cease firing. At any rate, they lost their heads for the nonce.

Not so, however, was it with General Hagood, who was distant about seventy-five yards, and saw with amazement the surrender of the flag. He was on foot, his horse having been shot under him, and he came forward on a run, to intercept the officer, who was riding slowly along the front of the regiment, obliquing somewhat towards his own lines. General Hagood, on coming up with him, seized the bridle of the horse, and levelling his cocked revolver at the captain's breast, said to him, "Give me that flag, sir!" The answer was, "Who are you?" The general replied, "I command this brigade. I admire your bravery. Give me the flag, and you shall return unmolested to your own lines." The captain, who had furled the flag, and was holding it upright, with the ferrule of the staff resting on the pommel of his saddle, responded: "General, you had better surrender to me yourself. Look behind you." The general looked to the rear, and saw that a large force which had sallied from the intrenchments on his left was moving to cut off his retreat, all other commands having retired from the fruitless assault. Turning to the defiant captain he exclaimed: "Once more, sir, will you give up that flag?" The answer was in a loud tone, "Never!" With the answer General Hagood fired, and the officer fell, shot through the breast. He still grasped the flagstaff as he fell backward, and it was wrested from his grasp. The general then mounted the horse, and ordered a retreat, which was effected with loss of nearly one-half of the brigade.

The captured horse was killed on the retreat by a shot from the Union lines, and as he fell he kicked out his heels, and, as if to avenge his fallen master, struck Dr. Taylor, the brigade surgeon, in the head, inflicting a wound from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

Often within the lines at Petersburg, around many a camp-fire, Confederate soldiers discussed the strange incident of the flag surrendered at Yellow Tavern. How it was that such a famous regiment should have allowed its flag to be surrendered in battle to a force consisting of but one man, was most puzzling.

The occult power of hypnotism might have furnished a solution, but it was then unheard of, and is still unknown to the art of war.

All agreed, however, that no braver deed was ever done than that of the Yankee captain who fell, still grasping that flag.

I was then a captain of engineers in the Confederate army. Sixteen years later General Hagood was the honored chief magistrate of the State of South Carolina, a worthy successor of many illustrious Carolinians who had held that high office. I was a circuit judge, and holding court at Columbia, and called on the governor at the Capitol to pay my respects. I found him highly elated, and he said to me, as soon as I was seated: "You recollect that Federal officer that I was obliged to shoot in the battle of Yellow Tavern, to recover the flag? Well, thank heaven, I did not kill him! He is still living. Here is a letter that I have just received from him. Please read it."

I read the letter with the deepest interest, of which the following is a copy:

"COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,
"*December* 4, 1880.

"GENERAL JOHNSTON HAGOOD,
Columbia, South Carolina.

"*General*,—If I am correctly informed, you are the Confederate officer who shot me in the right breast, in the battle of Yellow Tavern. The wound was inflicted to recover from me a regimental flag which had been surrendered to me by one of your color-bearers. I had apparently recovered entirely from it, but it has troubled me for some time, and I now find myself obliged to apply for a pension.

> "As I was within your lines, and out of sight of my comrades, when I was shot, I am obliged to request that you will aid me to prove that I received the wound in the line of my duty.
>
> "You would do me a great favor if you will make affidavit stating the facts, and forward it to me. Please state also that you have no interest in my claim.
>
> "I am, General, yours respectfully,
> "JAMES BAILEY.
> "*Late Captain 4th Iowa Volunteer Infantry.*"

I am unable to state the entire contents of the affidavit, but I noted this paragraph:

> "Captain Bailey received the wound described while in the faithful discharge of his duty as a soldier.
>
> "His act was the bravest that I have ever known or read of in military annals. Nor was it an act of mere inconsiderate rashness, for, in my deliberate judgment, had I not interposed as I did, my entire brigade of veterans might have surrendered to his single arm."

In his letter enclosing the affidavit, Governor Hagood extended to Captain Bailey a most cordial invitation to visit South Carolina as his guest.

He assured him of a most sincere welcome, and that he would be received by an escort of many thousands of ex-Confederate veterans, all now heartily loyal to the United States. He stated, further, that the flag with which Captain Bailey's wound was so honorably associated was still preserved, not as a hostile symbol, but as a souvenir of comradeship, and that he would be pleased to place it in his hands, and have him view it in the midst of friendly surroundings.

Captain Bailey made a most soldierly reply, expressing his grateful appreciation of the invitation so cordially extended to him to visit South Carolina as the guest of the governor.

He expressed his sincere regret, however, that the state of his health would not permit him to make the journey at that time, and stated that he hoped to do so at some future day, as it would afford him the highest gratification to meet as friends, in the walks of peace, the brave men whom he had met as foes in war. Had the good Whittier, that true American poet, who ministered alike at the high altar of patriotism and humanity, known of Captain Bailey's chivalric deed, he would surely have celebrated it worthily in a thrilling poem. It would have confirmed the truth of his line penned in a tribute to another knightly American:

"Said I not that Bayards and Sidneys still are
here?"

THE DOCTORS OF HOYLAND.

By A. Conan Doyle.

DR. JAMES RIPLEY was always looked upon as an exceedingly lucky dog by all of the profession who knew him. His father had preceded him in a practice in the village of Hoyland, in the north of Hampshire, and all was ready for him on the very first day that the law allowed him to put his name at the foot of a prescription. In a few years the old gentleman retired and settled on the South Coast, leaving his son in undisputed possession of the whole countryside. Save for Dr. Horton, near Basingstoke, the young surgeon had a clear run of six miles in every direction, and took his fifteen hundred pounds a year, though, as is usual in country practices, the stable swallowed up most of what the consulting-room earned.

Dr. James Ripley was two and thirty years of age, reserved, learned, unmarried, with set, rather stern, features, and a thinning of the dark hair upon the top of his head, which was worth quite a hundred a year to him. He was particularly happy in his management of ladies. He had caught the tone of bland sternness and decisive suavity which dominates without offending.

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Ladies, however, were not equally happy in their management of him. Professionally, he was always at their service. Socially, he was a drop of quicksilver. In vain the country mammas spread out their simple lures in front of him. Dances and picnics were not to his taste, and he preferred during his scanty leisure to shut himself up in his study, and to bury himself in Virchow's Archives and the professional journals.

Study was a passion with him, and he would have none of the rust which often gathers round a country practitioner. It was his ambition to keep his knowledge as fresh and bright as at the moment when he had stepped out of the examination hall. He prided himself on being able, at a moment's notice, to rattle off the seven ramifications of some obscure artery, or to give the exact percentage of any physiological compound. After a long day's work he would sit up half the night performing iridectomies and extractions upon the sheep's eyes sent in by the village butcher, to the horror of his housekeeper, who had to remove the *débris* next morning. His love for his work was the one fanaticism which found a place in his dry, precise nature.

It was the more to his credit that he should keep up to date in his knowledge, since he had no competition to force him to exertion. In the seven years during which he had practised in Hoyland, three rivals had pitted themselves against him; two in the village itself, and one in the neighboring hamlet of Lower Hoyland. Of these, one had sickened and wasted, being, as it was said, himself the only patient whom he had treated during his eighteen months of ruralizing. A second had bought a fourth share of a Basingstoke practice, and had departed honorably; while a third had vanished one September night, leaving a gutted house and an unpaid drug bill behind him. Since then the district had become a monopoly, and no one had dared to measure himself against the established fame of the Hoyland doctor.

It was, then, with a feeling of some surprise and considerable curiosity that, on driving through Lower Hoyland one morning, he perceived that the new house at the end of the village was occupied, and that a virgin brass plate glistened upon the swinging gate which faced the highroad. He pulled up his fifty-guinea chestnut mare, and took a good look at it. "Verrinder Smith, M. D." was printed across it in very neat, small lettering. The last man had had letters half a foot long, with a lamp like a fire station. Dr. James Ripley noted the difference, and deduced from it that the newcomer might possibly prove a more formidable opponent. He was convinced of it that evening when he came to consult the current medical directory. By it he learned that Dr. Verrinder Smith was the holder of superb degrees, that he had studied with distinction at Edinburgh, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and, finally, that he had been awarded a gold medal and the Lee Hopkins scholarship for original research in recognition of an exhaustive inquiry into the functions of the anterior spinal nerve roots. Dr. Ripley passed his fingers through his thin hair in bewilderment as he read his rival's record. What on earth could so brilliant a man mean by putting up his plate in a little Hampshire hamlet?

But Dr. Ripley furnished himself with an explanation to the riddle. No doubt Dr. Verrinder Smith had simply come down there in order to pursue some scientific research in peace and quiet. The plate was up as an address rather than as an invitation to patients. Of course, that must be the true explanation. In that case the presence of this brilliant neighbor would be a splendid thing for his own studies. He had often longed for some kindred mind, some steel on which he might strike his flint. Chance had brought it to him, and he rejoiced exceedingly.

And this joy it was which led him to take a step which was quite at variance with his usual habits. It is the custom for a newcomer among medical men to call first upon the older, and the etiquette upon the subject is strict. Dr. Ripley was pedantically exact on such points, and yet he deliberately drove over next day and called upon Dr. Verrinder Smith. Such a waiving of ceremony was, he felt, a gracious act upon his part, and a fit prelude to the intimate relations which he hoped to establish with his neighbor.

The house was neat and well appointed, and Dr. Ripley was shown by a smart maid into a dapper little consulting-room. As he passed in he noticed two or three parasols and a lady's sunbonnet hanging in the hall. It was a pity that his colleague should be a married man. It would put them upon a different footing, and interfere with those long evenings of high scientific talk which he had pictured to himself. On the other hand, there was much in the consulting-room to please him. Elaborate instruments, seen more often in hospitals than in the houses of private practitioners, were scattered about. A sphygmograph stood upon the table, and a gasometer-like engine, which was new to Dr. Ripley, in the corner. A bookcase full of ponderous volumes in French and German, paper-covered for the most part, and varying in tint from the shell to the yolk of a duck's egg, caught his wandering eyes, and he was deeply absorbed in their titles when the door opened suddenly behind him. Turning round he found himself facing a little woman, whose plain, palish face was remarkable only for a pair of shrewd, humorous eyes of a blue which had two shades too much green in it. She held a *pince-nez* in her left hand and the doctor's card in her right.

"How do you do, Dr. Ripley?" said she.

"How do you do, madam?" returned the visitor. "Your husband is perhaps out?"

"I am not married," said she, simply.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I meant the doctor—Dr. Verrinder Smith."

"I am Dr. Verrinder Smith."

Dr. Ripley was so surprised that he dropped his hat and forgot to pick it up again.

"What!" he gasped, "the Lee Hopkins prize man! You!" He had never seen a woman doctor before, and his whole conservative soul rose up in revolt at the idea. He could not recall any Biblical injunction that the man should remain ever the doctor and the woman the nurse, and yet he felt as if a blasphemy had been committed. His face betrayed his feelings only too clearly.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the lady, dryly.

"You certainly have surprised me," he answered, picking up his hat.

"You are not among our champions, then?"

"I cannot say that the movement has my approval."

"And why?"

"I should much prefer not to discuss it."

"But I am sure you will answer a lady's question."

"Ladies are in danger of losing their privileges when they usurp the place of the other sex. They cannot claim both."

"Why should a woman not earn her bread by her brains?"

Dr. Ripley felt irritated by the quiet manner in which the lady cross-questioned him.

"I should much prefer not to be led into a discussion, Miss Smith."

"Dr. Smith," she interrupted.

"Well, Dr. Smith! But if you insist upon an answer, I must say that I do not think medicine a suitable profession for women, and that I have a personal objection to masculine ladies." It was an exceedingly rude speech, and he was ashamed of it the instant after he had made it. The lady, however, simply raised her eyebrows and smiled.

"It seems to me that you are begging the question," said she. "Of course, if it makes women masculine, that would be a considerable deterioration."

It was a neat little counter, and Dr. Ripley, like a pinked fencer, bowed his acknowledgment. "I must go," said he.

"I am sorry that we cannot come to some more friendly conclusion, since we are to be neighbors," she remarked.

He bowed again, and took a step toward the door.

"It was a singular coincidence," she continued, "that at the instant that you called I was reading your paper on 'Locomotor Ataxia' in the 'Lancet.'"

"Indeed," said he dryly.

"I thought it was a very able monograph."

"You are very good."

"But the views which you attribute to Professor Pitres of Bordeaux have been repudiated by him."

"I have his pamphlet of 1890," said Dr. Ripley, angrily.

"Here is his pamphlet of 1891." She picked it from among a litter of periodicals. "If you have time to glance your eye down this passage—"

Dr. Ripley took it from her and shot rapidly through the paragraph which she indicated. There was no denying that it completely knocked the bottom out of his own article. He threw it down, and with another frigid bow he made for the door. As he took the reins from the groom, he glanced round and saw that the lady was standing at her window, and it seemed to him that she was laughing heartily.

All day the memory of this interview haunted him. He felt that he had come very badly out of it. She had shown herself to be his superior on his own pet subject. She had been courteous while he had been rude, self-possessed when he had been angry. And then, above all, there was her presence, her monstrous intrusion, to rankle in his mind. A woman doctor had been an abstract thing before, repugnant, but distant. Now she was there in actual practice, with a brass plate up just like his own, competing for the same patients. Not that he feared the competition, but he objected to this lowering of his ideal of womanhood. She could not be more than thirty, and had a bright, mobile face too. He thought of her humorous eyes, and of her strong, well-turned chin. It revolted him the more to recall the details of her education. A man, of course, could come through such an ordeal with all his purity, but it was nothing short of shameless in a woman.

But it was not long before he learned that even her competition was a thing to be feared. The novelty of her presence had brought a few curious invalids into her consulting-rooms, and, once there, they had been so impressed by the firmness of her manner, and by the singular new-fashioned instruments with which she tapped and peered and sounded, that it formed the core of their conversation for weeks afterward. And soon there were tangible proofs of her powers upon the countryside. Farmer Eyton, whose callous ulcer had been quietly spreading over his shin for years back, under a gentle régime of zinc ointment, was painted round with blistering fluid, and found, after three blasphemous nights, that his sore was stimulated into healing. Mrs. Crowder, who had always regarded the birthmark upon her second daughter, Eliza, as a sign of the indignation of the Creator at a third helping of a raspberry tart which she had partaken of during a critical period, learned that, with the help of two galvanic needles, the mischief was not irreparable. In a month Dr. Verrinder Smith was known, and in two she was famous.

Occasionally Dr. Ripley met her as he drove upon his rounds. She had started a high dogcart, taking the reins herself, with a little tiger behind. When they met he invariably raised his hat with punctilious politeness, but the grim severity of his face showed how formal was the courtesy. In fact, his dislike was rapidly deepening into absolute detestation. "The unsexed woman" was the description of her which he permitted himself to give to those of his patients who still remained stanch. But, indeed, they were a rapidly decreasing body, and every day his pride was galled by the news of some fresh defection. The lady had somehow impressed the country folk with an almost superstitious belief in her power, and from far and near they flocked to her consulting-room.

But what galled him most of all was when she did something which he had pronounced to be impracticable. For all his knowledge, he lacked nerve as an operator, and usually sent his worst cases up to London. The lady, however, had no weakness of the sort, and took everything that came in her way. It was agony to him to hear that she was about to straighten little Alec

Turner's club foot, and right at the fringe of the rumor came a note from his mother, the rector's wife, asking him if he would be so good as to act as chloroformist. It would be inhumanity to refuse, as there was no other who could take the place, but it was gall and wormwood to his sensitive nature. Yet, in spite of his vexation, he could not but admire the dexterity with which the thing was done. She handled the little wax-like foot so gently, and held the tiny tenotomy knife as an artist holds his pencil. One straight incision, one snick of a tendon, and it was all over without a stain on the white towel which lay beneath. He had never seen anything more masterly, and he had the honesty to say so, though her skill increased his dislike of her. The operation spread her fame still farther at his expense, and self-preservation was added to his other grounds for detesting her.

And this very detestation it was which brought matters to a curious climax. One winter's night, just as he was rising from his lonely dinner, a groom came riding down from Squire Faircastle's, the richest man in the district, to say that his daughter had scalded her hand, and that medical help was needed on the instant. The coachman had ridden for the lady doctor, for it mattered nothing to the Squire who came, as long as it were speedily. Dr. Ripley rushed from his surgery with the determination that she should not effect an entrance into this stronghold of his if hard driving on his part could prevent it. He did not even wait to light his lamps, but sprang into his gig and flew off as fast as hoof could rattle. He lived rather nearer to the Squire's than she did, and was convinced that he could get there well before her.

And so he would but for that whimsical element of chance, which will forever muddle up the affairs of this world and dumfound the prophets. Whether it came from the want of his lights, or from his mind being full of the thoughts of his rival, he allowed too little by half a foot in taking the sharp turn upon the Basingstoke road. The empty trap and the frightened horse clattered away into the darkness, while the Squire's groom crawled out of the ditch into which he had been shot. He struck a match, looked down at his groaning companion, and then, after the fashion of rough, strong men when they see what they have not seen before, he was very sick.

The Doctor raised himself a little on his elbow in the glint of the match. He caught a glimpse of something white and sharp bristling through his trouser-leg, half way down the shin.

"Compound!" he groaned. "A three months' job," and fainted.

When he came to himself the groom was gone, for he had scudded off to the Squire's house for help, but a small page was holding a gig-lamp in front of his injured leg, and a woman, with an open case of polished instruments gleaming in the yellow light, was deftly slitting up his trouser with a crooked pair of scissors.

"It's all right, Doctor," said she, soothingly. "I am so sorry about it. You can have Dr. Horton to-morrow, but I am sure you will allow me to help you to-night. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you by the roadside."

"The groom has gone for help," groaned the sufferer.

"When it comes we can move you into the gig. A little more light, John! So! Ah, dear, dear, we shall have laceration unless we reduce this before we move you. Allow me to give you a whiff of chloroform, and I have no doubt that I can secure it sufficiently to—"

Dr. Ripley never heard the end of that sentence. He tried to raise a hand and to murmur something in protest, but a sweet smell was in his nostrils, and a sense of rich peace and lethargy stole over his jangled nerves. Down he sank, through clear, cool water, ever down and down into the green shadows beneath, gently, without effort, while the pleasant chiming of a great belfry rose and fell in his ears. Then he rose again, up and up, and ever up, with a terrible tightness about his temples, until at last he shot out of those green shadows and was out in the light once more. Two bright shining golden spots gleamed before his dazed eyes. He blinked and blinked before he could give a name to them. They were only the two brass balls at the end posts of his bed, and he was lying in his own little room, with a head like a cannon ball, and a leg like an iron bar. Turning his eyes, he saw the calm face of Dr. Verrinder Smith looking down at him.

"Ah, at last!" said she. "I kept you under all the way home, for I knew how painful the jolting would be. It is in good position now, with a strong side splint. I have ordered a morphia draught for you. Shall I tell your groom to ride for Dr. Horton in the morning?"

"I should prefer that you should continue the case," said Dr. Ripley feebly, and then, with a half-hysterical laugh, "You have all the rest of the parish as patients, you know, so you may as well make the thing complete by having me also." It was not a very gracious speech, but it was a look of pity and not of anger which shone in her eyes as she turned away from his bedside.

Dr. Ripley had a brother William, who was assistant surgeon at a London hospital, and who was down in Hampshire within a few hours of his hearing of the accident. He raised his brows when he heard the details.

"What! You are pestered with one of those!" he cried.

"I don't know what I should have done without her."

"I've no doubt she's an excellent nurse."

"She knows her work as well as you or I."

"Speak for yourself, James," said the London man with a sniff. "But apart from that, you know that the principle of the thing is all wrong."

"You think there is nothing to be said on the other side?"

"Good heavens! do you?"

"Well, I don't know. It struck me during the night that we may have been a little narrow in our views."

"Nonsense, James. It's all very fine for women to win prizes in the lecture-room, but you know as well as I do that they are no use in an emergency. Now I warrant that this woman was all nerves when she was setting your leg. That reminds me that I had better just take a look at it and see that it is all right."

"I would rather that you did not undo it," said the patient; "I have her assurance that it is all right."

Brother William was deeply shocked.

"Of course, if a woman's assurance is of more value than the opinion of the assistant surgeon of a London hospital, there is nothing more to be said," he remarked.

"I should prefer that you did not touch it," said the patient firmly, and Dr. William went back to London that evening in a huff. The lady, who had heard of his coming, was much surprised on learning of his departure.

"We had a difference upon a point of professional etiquette," said Dr. James, and it was all the explanation he would vouchsafe.

For two long months Dr. Ripley was brought in contact with his rival every day, and he learned many things which he had not known before. She was a charming companion, as well as a most assiduous doctor. Her short presence during the long weary day was like a flower in a sand waste. What interested him was precisely what interested her, and she could meet him at every point upon equal terms. And yet under all her learning and her firmness ran a sweet, womanly nature, peeping out in her talk, shining in her greenish eyes, showing itself in a thousand subtle ways which the dullest of men could read. And he, though a bit of a prig and a pedant, was by no means dull, and had honesty enough to confess when he was in the wrong.

"I don't know how to apologize to you," he said in his shamefaced fashion one day, when he had progressed so far as to be able to sit in an armchair with his leg upon another one; "I feel that I have been quite in the wrong."

"Why, then?"

"Over this woman question. I used to think that a woman must inevitably lose something of her charm if she took up such studies."

"Oh, you don't think they are necessarily unsexed, then?" she cried, with a mischievous smile.

"Please don't recall my idiotic expression."

"I feel so pleased that I should have helped in changing your views. I think that it is the most sincere compliment that I have ever had paid me."

"At any rate, it is the truth," said he, and was happy all night at the remembrance of the flush of pleasure which made her pale face look quite comely for the instant.

For, indeed, he was already far past the stage when he would acknowledge her as the equal of any other woman. Already he could not disguise from himself that she had become the one woman. Her dainty skill, her gentle touch, her sweet presence, the community of their tastes, had all united to hopelessly upset his previous opinions. It was a dark day for him now when his convalescence allowed him to miss a visit, and darker still that other one which he saw approaching when all occasion for her visits would be at an end. It came around at last, however, and he felt that his whole life's fortune would hang upon the issue of that final interview. He was a direct man by nature, so he laid his hand upon hers as it felt for his pulse, and he asked her if she would be his wife.

"What, and unite the practices?" said she.

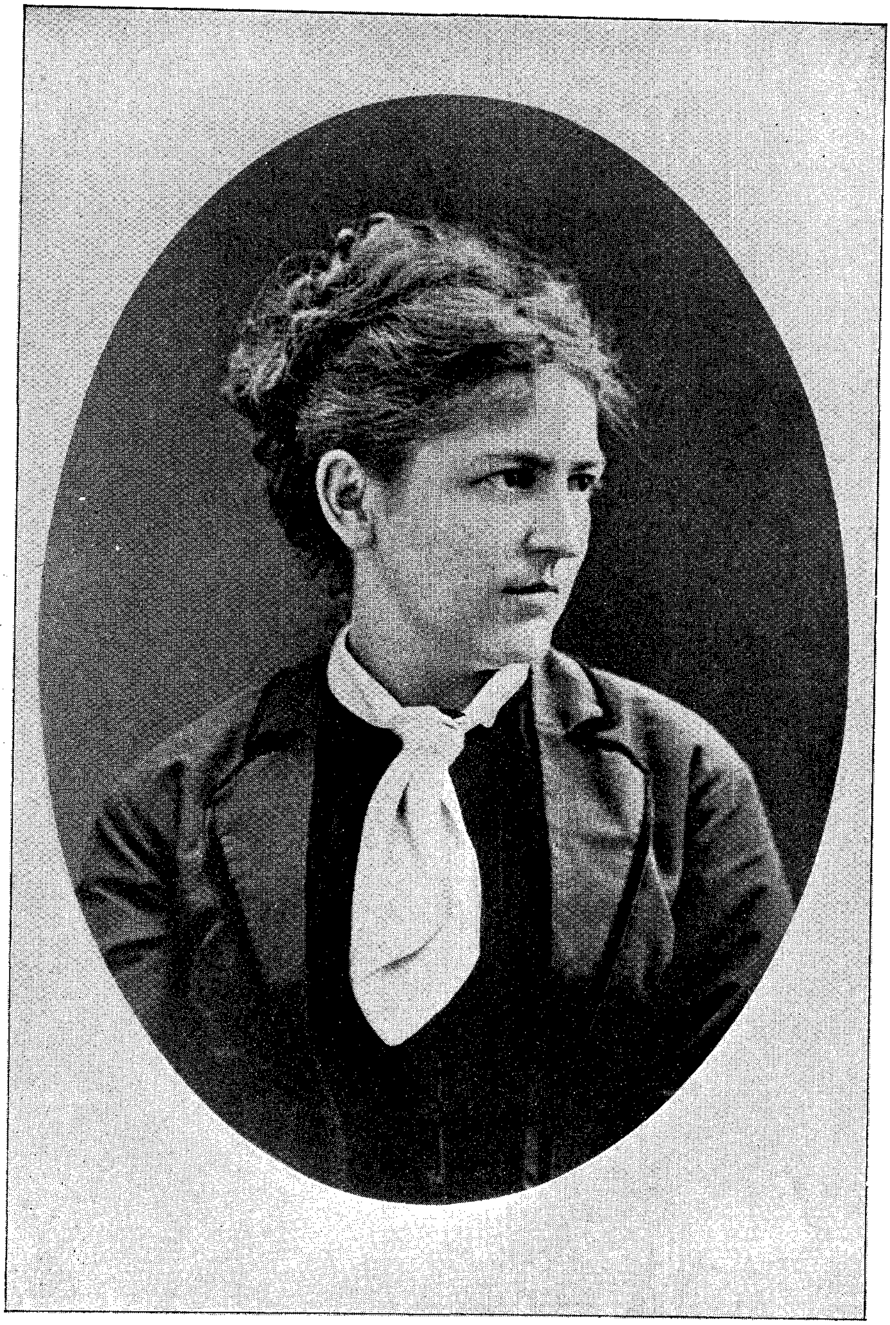
He started in pain and anger. "Surely you do not attribute any such base motive to me," he cried. "I love you as unselfishly as ever a woman was loved."

"No, I was wrong. It was a foolish speech," said she, moving her chair a little back, and tapping her stethoscope upon her knee. "Forget that I ever said it. I am so sorry to cause you any disappointment, and I appreciate most highly the honor which you do me, but what you ask is quite impossible."

With another woman he might have urged the point, but his instincts told him that it was quite useless with this one. Her tone of voice was conclusive. He said nothing, but leaned back in his chair a stricken man.

"I am so sorry," she said again. "If I had known what was passing in your mind I should have told you earlier that I intend to devote my life entirely to science. There are many women with a capacity for marriage, but few with a taste for biology. I will remain true to my own line then. I came down here while waiting for an opening in the Paris Physiological Laboratory. I have just heard that there is a vacancy for me there, and so you will be troubled no more by my intrusion upon your practice. I have done you an injustice, as you did me one. I thought you narrow and pedantic, with no good quality. I have learned during your illness to appreciate you better, and the recollection of our friendship will always be a very pleasant one to me."

And so it came about that in a very few weeks there was only one doctor in Hoyland. But folks noticed that the one had aged many years in a few months, that a weary sadness lurked always in the depths of his blue eyes, and that he was less concerned than ever with the eligible young ladies whom chance, or their careful country mammas, placed in his way.



MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.